

COMMENT OF
THE DAY

Playing For Time

THERE will be little surprise at the early snag which has developed at the Big Four Foreign Ministers' conference at Geneva. For the speeches made yesterday will not by any means be the last words said by East and West on the twin problems of German reunification and a European security system at this conference.

The tactics employed by both sides, as well as the general pattern of diplomatic negotiations of this nature should be familiar to most readers. From divergent standpoints there is generally a trend to some central point of agreement. This particular central point however continues to be elusive.

Since the last foreign ministers' meeting two new issues have arisen to complicate proceedings. Western Germany has been admitted to NATO, and Bonn and Moscow have agreed to establish diplomatic relations. Moscow is using both as irritants, both as convenient excuses for new delays to a final solution.

Russia insists that the German unity must be subordinated to the question of a security system. The West prefers to reverse the priorities. This hitch is bad enough, but Mr. Molotov also points out that now that Bonn and East Berlin both have diplomatic ties with Moscow, the two German states should be allowed to work out their own solution.

If he persists in his advocacy of this idea, the West can always refuse but further delays at this stage are inimical to its interests. Dr. Adenauer, who is probably the only man capable of guiding his country through present international stresses on the side of the democracies, is already sick and there is a fear abroad that Mr. Molotov is playing for the time when he has been removed completely from the political scene.

When this happens—for there is no doubt it is inevitable—there is no guarantee that the next leader will be strong enough to commit himself so steadfastly to Western policy as Dr. Adenauer. And the fear in London and Washington is that by that time, the frustrated public of West Germany may insist on reunification at any price—even Mr. Molotov's. It is a hypothetical fear, at the moment, of course, but one which cannot be dismissed.

"NIET, NIET" SAYS MOLOTOV

Critical Of Western Plan For Europe DEPARTS FROM HEADS OF STATE DIRECTIVE

Geneva, Oct. 28.

The Soviet Foreign Minister, Mr. Molotov, told the Western foreign ministers at the Geneva conference this afternoon that the Western plan does not correspond to the directive of the heads of state, formulated at the Big-Four conference last July, because it gives priority to German reunification above security.

Mr. Molotov said he was happy that the Western plan, on the other hand, did link German reunification to the problem of security.

At the beginning of this afternoon's session, under the chairmanship of the British Foreign Secretary, Mr. Harold Macmillan, the three Western foreign ministers appealed to Molotov to understand that the importance, value and range of the Western plan go further than the Soviet proposals.

Terrorists Driven From Stronghold

Kuala Lumpur, Oct. 29.

The federal government of Malaya today announced a major success over Communist terrorists in the jungle war here.

It declared a wide area of central Malaya, covering 3,404 square miles to be "white" that is, largely cleared of terrorists and no longer subject to emergency restrictions.

The new "white area" is in Pahang State, and had the reputation until only a few years ago of being the worst hideout of Communists in Malaya.

NOTORIOUS AREAS

It includes most of the notorious Raub and Bentong districts where the killers of Sir Henry Gurney, then High Commissioner for Malaya, took refuge in 1952.

Until it became too dangerous for him, the Communist leader, Chin Peng, had his Malayan headquarters here. Chin Peng, who may soon come out of the jungle for peace talks with government leaders here, has now moved his headquarters to the frontiers of Thailand.

Terrorists have been largely driven from Pahang by armed jungle-patrols and by the cutting off of food supplies.—Reuter.

China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the highlights in today's feature section:
P. 5: This curious Sch-wetter cult, by William Hickey, Gilles.
P. 6: Our new series begins; Half-forgotten heroes, by Dudley Pope.
P. 7: Something new in politics, by Les Armour.
P. 8: 50,000 words of love, a world's strangest story, by James Jones. Here comes Senor Brazil, by Thomas Wiseman.
P. 13: From dreams rose the Edinburgh Festival, by Sir Beverley Baxter.
P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports reviews.

GRAVE CYPRUS RIOTING

350 People Injured

Nicosia, Oct. 28.

More than 10,000 British troops, exhibiting a new toughness, battled pro-Greek rioters today in the main towns and cities of this Mediterranean island.

About 350 persons were hurt and 1,000 arrested in daylong clashes between demonstrators and troops led by commandos and supported by local police.

The British troops went into action with the news that one of their fellow soldiers died yesterday from wounds received at the hands of a Greek terrorist.

A soldier of the Norfolk Regiment was seen carrying a shattered riot balaclava which had obvious blood stains.

"We have lost one of our lads; so it's not surprising we get tough," explained the soldier as he moved off to tackle another group of demonstrators.

Throw Back Stones

Other soldiers dropped their batons to hurl rocks at rioters and to chase them through Nicosia's maze of side streets. Major clashes took place at Nicosia, Famagusta, Limassol, Larnaca, Kyrenia, Lefkara and Morphou.

Commandos in Famagusta picked up the stones thrown by demonstrators and hurled them back. The troops also used indelible coloured dyes for the first time to mark the demonstrators.

Morphou, a town of 5,000 population, was put under a 24-hour curfew after a grenade was thrown at commandos. Three persons were injured by the blast.

Another person was seriously hurt when a single warning shot was fired at a crowd, estimated at about 1,000 persons, which attempted to burn a police station. The demonstrators included many young girls.—United Press.

MARGARET AND TOWNSEND

Uckfield, Oct. 28.

Plainclothes policemen with dogs tonight guarded a house in this little South of England village where Princess Margaret and Group Captain Peter Townsend are believed to be spending the weekend.

Police would not confirm that either the princess or the airman she is said to be in love with were in the mansion—Uckfield House, home of Lord and Lady Rupert Nevill.

But the security precautions indicated it was no ordinary weekend behind its 18th-century walls.

A crowd of reporters and cameramen, who had dashed from London on the report that this was the latest rendezvous for the couple, waited and watched outside the gates.—Reuter.

Molotov And Sharett To Meet

Geneva, Oct. 28.

Mr. Moshe Sharett, Israeli Prime Minister, will meet Mr. Molotov, the Soviet Foreign Minister, "within the next three days," an Israeli spokesman said here today.

Mr. Sharett, who flew here yesterday after talks with Western leaders in Paris, is anxious to discuss Communist arms supplies to the Arabs which he regards as a serious threat to his country's security.

An official spokesman of the Soviet delegation later announced the two would meet on Monday.

Mr. Sharett plans immediately afterwards to fly home, a well-informed source said.

INCONSISTENT

Western reaction to the recent Soviet moves in the Middle East has been inconsistent, according to many diplomats here.

After a public censure of Colonel Nasser, Egyptian Prime Minister, for concluding the arms deal, the Western powers changed to a policy of unpublicised diplomatic representations in order not to force him into a publicly rigid position of hostility to them.

In an effort to show Egypt that the Arabs had friends in the West, Britain hurried up her scheduled arms supplies to Iraq, whose alliance in the Baghdad defence pact had caused serious dissension in the Arab League.—Reuter.

OFF TO MEET EX-SULTAN

Rabat, Oct. 28.

The Executive Committee of the Moroccan Nationalist Istiglal Party will leave Casablanca tomorrow for Marrakech, to meet the former Sultan, Sidi Mohammed Ben Youssef.

Ben Youssef is scheduled to return to France tomorrow from Madagascar.—France-Press.

Singing Beethoven, Not Making Dog Noises

London, Oct. 28.

John Spencer Churchill, nephew of Sir Winston and brother-in-law of Sir Anthony Eden, said today that he was singing Beethoven, not barking like a dog, while being held in a cell on a charge of drunkenness.

At a hearing earlier this month, constables charged that Churchill "made dog noises" and his pretty wife, Kathlyn, moved like a cat after their arrest last summer on charges of being drunk outside their Adam and Eve movie home in Kensington.

In Bow Street Court today, the 50-year-old Churchill, an artist by profession, said actually he was singing a dirge from Beethoven's opera "Fidelio" while cooped up in a cell.

"When by myself in the cell, it struck me that I was like the character in the second Act of Fidelio," he said. "I did, in fact, lapse into a dirge. I don't know the words very well and my voice is not all that good, and some of the German words might have been interpreted as dog noises."

"CAT NOISES"
Mrs. Churchill admitted she made "cat noises" but said that was a private way she and her husband had of speaking to each other. She said that when her husband was flung into a cell she became "absolutely frantic."

She said she could hear her husband "singing and humming" behind the bars, where he spent four hours before being released.

She testified that she told the arresting officers in the Kensington police station to phone 10 Downing Street, residence of the Prime Minister (Lady Eden is Churchill's sister).

She said she finally rang up 10 Downing Street herself. Both were released on bail after pleading not guilty to the drunk charge. The case was adjourned to November 17.—United Press.

Big Power Talks On Far East

Geneva, Oct. 28.

The Soviet government is considering a Chinese Communist proposal for an early big power conference on Far Eastern problems, Mr. Ilyichov, press chief in the Soviet Foreign Ministry, announced here today.

He was replying to a question at press conference and he did not elaborate.—Reuter.

New York, Oct. 28.
Billy Graham, the evangelist, is planning to make a "fact finding" tour of India and will later visit Japan, Hongkong and the Philippines.

He announced his programme today before sailing for England in the liner United States.—Reuter.

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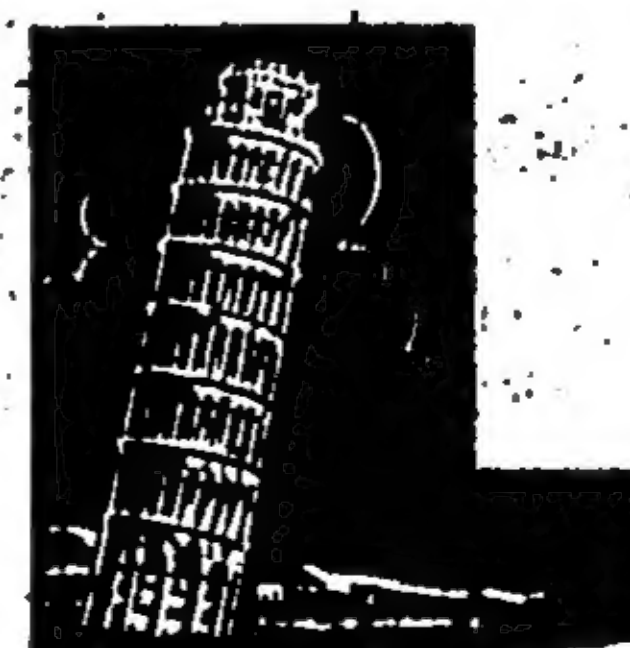
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TO-DAY



MOLLY VITALE with GEORGE T. HENRI, ANGELA LARRY. Directed by Melville Sharron. Screenplay by Melville Sharron and Jack F. Rose.

EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
KING'S at 11.30 a.m. Walt Disney's "BEAR COUNTRY", "PROWLERS OF THE EVERGLADES" and Cartoons: "PLUTO" etc.
Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

PRINCESS

TO-MORROW
AT 12.10 P.M. ONLY
Kapil Pictures present a Super Indian Production
The Most Intriguing Love & Revenge Story
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ROXY & BROADWAY

GRAND OPENING TO-DAY
Owing to length of picture please note change of times:
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.



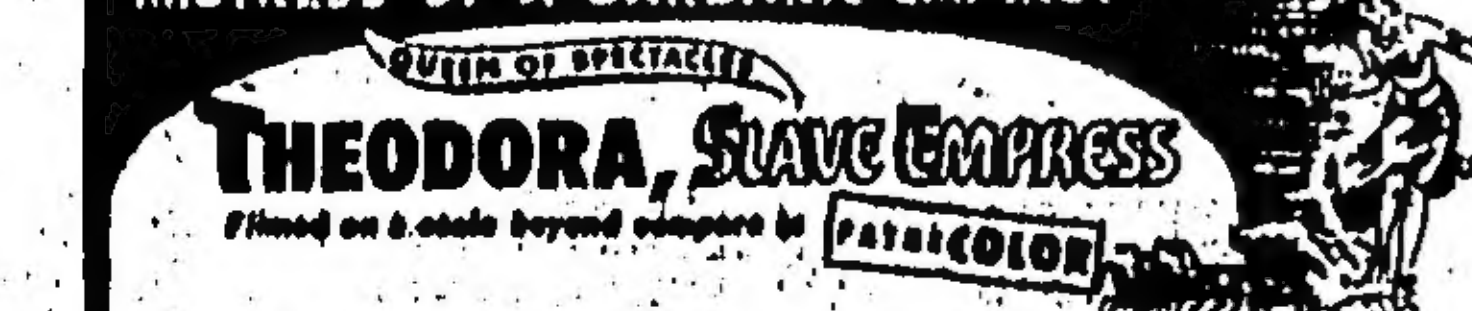
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SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

ON OUR GIANT WIDE SCREEN



SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30 p.m.
AT REDUCED ADMISSION PRICES
Stewart Cranger in "PRISONER OF ZANDA" Technicolor

FILMS

Current & Coming
BY JANE ROBERTS

The New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS: "The Seven Little Foys". The hectic on-stage and behind-the-scenes story of the life of comedian Eddie Foy. Bob Hope, Molly Vitale and James Cagney.
HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Waterloo Bridge". The brief love story of an Army officer on leave from the war, and a "fallen woman". Robert Taylor and Vivien Leigh.
NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Big House, U.S.A.". A dramatic, full of violence and revenge. Broderick Crawford and Ralph Meeker.
QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "A Streetcar Named Desire". The full gamut of human emotions. Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando.
ROXY and BROADWAY: "Giuseppe Verdi". The dying composer looks back over his life. In Ferruccio and with the voices of Tito Gobbi and Mario del Monaco.

COMING

EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS: "Strategic Air Command". This picture might almost be called a bird's eye view of America's Air Force training programme, with special attention to bombers. Light wifely relief, in her usual fashion, from June Allyson. James Stewart also stars.
HOOVER and LIBERTY: "The Blackboard Jungle". The most controversial film since "On the Waterfront" gives a frightening picture of juvenile delinquency in American schools and of the sometimes inadequate mental ability of schoolmasters to deal with it. Glenn Ford and Louis Calhern.
NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The White Orchid". Exploration and romance among the picturesque ruins of Mexico. Peggie Castle and William Lundigan.
"Man of the Moment". A Whitehall filling-clerk is suddenly rocketed into a position of power and influence with disastrous results in the political world. A natural for Norman Wisdom.
QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Battle Taxi". The sterling work done by helicopter engaged on rescue work during the Korean War. Sterling Hayden.
"Land of the Pharaohs". A De-Mille-sized cast and Jack Hawkins as Pharaoh, with Joan Collins and others.
ROXY and BROADWAY: "Love is a Many-Splendored Thing". If you don't mind an English newspaper correspondent being turned into an American this picture with a Hongkong background will possibly move you.

reformed all but the most brutal, as the film showed.

Not knowing enough about juvenile delinquency in any country, America included, I do not feel qualified to judge the picture on the third point raised, but although it may not be a suitable subject for entertainment, it deserves a lot of commendation for the excellent acting from everyone in the cast, and the star down to the people with a few lines to deliver.

Ford is introduced to us as a sturdy-eyed schoolmaster starting his first job. His enthusiasm is somewhat dampened by the backsliding attitude of the veteran masters—one in particular is played in a frighteningly disillusioned manner by Louis Calhern—who assure him that this particular New York school is populated by sadistic morons with no wish to learn and an inbred proclivity for creating trouble.

No Schoolboy Pranks

Their tricks are no school-boy pranks such as frogs in desks or even salt-petre in ink-wells. These little things play really rough. The attempted rape of a schoolmistress, the brutal beating-up Ford is subjected to, anonymous letters to his wife, suggesting his infidelity (she is expecting a baby) are but a few of their fiendish antics.

But to be fair, their background is indicated as being more to blame than intentional evil. The Puerto Rican boy is looked down on, apparently the term "spick" meaning Puerto Rican is regarded as one of particular opprobrium even by the other boys whose parentage is suspect. The negro, more intelligent than the others, is nevertheless roused to killing pitch by being called a nigger, and the slum conditions of their homes, as

modern world, and the endless greenness of the Mexican jungles, the script writer must have been transported too.

Needless to say, Mr. Lundigan's knowledge (cinemawise) is far greater than ours, and in the slightly patronising manner of a space-ship scientist, he gazes into the heavens and even tongue about his dream of a tribe of Mexican Indians living somewhere far, far south, who haven't changed for centuries.

For his expedition to this Utopia, he needs a cameraman—and of course, for the sake of the Box Office, it turns out to be a woman!

He'd been expected his friend—a man—and doesn't take kindly to the substitute. However, Peggie Castle, with many a wriggle and a provocative glance, succeeds in winning not only Mr. Lundigan, but the bemused Mexican grandee who guides them.

For the rest of the picture the ruins play second fiddle to the teaser, "who is to get Miss Castle?"

Claustrophobia In

The Big House

As nasty a bunch of cold-blooded criminals as you'll find anywhere are collected together in "Big House, U.S.A."

Bull-necked Broderick Crawford, a natural leader with the instincts of a wolf who pretends to hunt alone, is the brains of the team. He and four others are placed together in a cell in Casabon Island prison and plan to break out.

His companions include a kidnapper, a narcotics smuggler, a psychopathic case who kills for excitement and a trigger-happy gangster. Ruthlessness and lack of pity are unpleasant things to watch, but there is no doubt but that this film has holding power.

A Coming Film

The Royal Family's association with the film industry has been relatively short-lived, and it is only in recent years that they have honoured the industry at large by their presence at the annual Royal Command performances.

These, of course, are occasions which gain a special kind of lustre through their association with the Royal Family—much as do Ascot and the Windsor Horse Show.

Until the advent of "The Dam Busters" however—Associated British-Pathe's recreation of the epic R.A.F. raid on the Moehne and Eder dams of World War II—no film had ever been accorded the honour of a double Royal premiere, an occurrence throwing much light on the esteem in which Wing Commander Guy Gibson, V.C., and the squadron he led, are held.

The first of the premieres was held at the Empire, Leicester Square, on the evening of May 16. Honoured by the presence of H.R.H. Princess Margaret there was a sense of occasion about it equalled by few other Royal premieres of recent years.

May 16 was, of course, the twelfth anniversary of the great raid on the Ruhr Dams, and all the surviving personnel and next-of-kin of those engaged in the attack were guests of honour at the first performance. An almost identical premiere was held the following evening in the presence of Their Royal Highnesses The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester.

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Starring CRAWFORD and MEERER
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.
NEW YORK: Warner Bros. Technicolor Cartoons
GREAT WORLD: 3 Stooges Comedy & Technicolor Cartoons

LEE

TO-DAY
AT 2.30 & 8.00 P.M.

CANTONESE OPERA

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

'Look That's Me' Said The Frogman

Halifax, Nova Scotia.
Navy frogman Lieut. G. H. Lawther could barely recognize himself the other day when he paid his 85 cents to see the new British film "Above Us The Waves," although he had a starring role.

The film tells the story of Royal Navy frogmen, human torpedoes and night submarine crewmen who attacked and disabled the German battleship Tirpitz in a Norwegian fjord during World War II.

Lawther was one of three Royal Navy men now stationed at HMCS Stadacona, diving school who were doing similar work at Portsmouth, England, when the film company (J. Arthur Rank) asked the RN if it could supply divers to double for stars of the movie for the underwater shots.

Lawther, a 32-year-old frogman with 10 years' experience and he was the diver who was filmed cutting the anti-torpedo net which opened the way for midget submarines to attack the 40,000-ton Tirpitz.

Treasure Hunt

A few years ago he also was loaned by the Royal Navy to the Duke of Argyll to help locate the wreck of the Spanish treasure ship "Duque de Florencia," which went down off the west coast of Scotland 400 years ago. The search was abandoned this summer, although Lawther is convinced that the ancient wreck he found is the treasure ship.

Lawther joined the Royal Canadian Navy nine months ago and is in charge of the diving school at Halifax. He said one thing he did not much like, spearguns. "There's no sport at all involved, it's slaughter," he says.

"Fish, even sharks, are very friendly under water. There's no skill in spearing one," Mr. Lawther added.—United Press.

A LITTLE OLD LADY (AGED 104) IS "BORN AGAIN"

Bologna.
The little old woman in the big hospital bed smiled and said she had just been "born again." The delicate eye-operation she had undergone at the age of 104 years was announced as a complete success by a team of doctors.

Augusta Rossi, Italy's oldest school teacher, underwent the surgical operation on October 13. A cataract on her right eye was removed.

Prof. Carlo Tirelli performed the operation in 16 minutes. Soon afterwards the patient began to see distinctly.

A month ago when Augusta Rossi found she could no longer read her favourite newspaper or could tell whether "Violetta," her faithful old cat, was clean or dirty, she decided to do something about it.

Very Misty

She called on one of her ex-schoolboys and demanded he operate on her eye so she could see again. The cataract in it had clouded the corner making her completely blind and the left eye was being strained mistily everything she saw very mistily, she said.

The schoolboy she visited was the noted Italian oculist Prof. Carlo Tirelli, the first surgeon in Europe to perform live cornea, and tissue grafting.

THIS WALLABY LIKES A FOOTBALL SOCK.

Wellington.
Members of the Australian Wallabies Rugby team, who recently finished a 13-match tour of New Zealand, excited no comment in their football stockings.

A wallaby which lives in an old football sock has, however, Willie, as the wallaby has been named, was snuggled inside his mother's pouch in the bush near Rotorua when she was shot.

The marksmen, 15-year-old Hugh Causton of Auckland, found Willie peering pathetically at him from out of his dead mother's pouch.

Hugh took the midgut marsupial home and Willie immediately took refuge in the old sock. At present Willie is fed milk from an egg dropper and is growing fast.—China Mail Special.

From Winnipeg: A Canadian Tells The World About The Strange Beliefs Of Ethiopia.

From Pretoria: Don't Discard The Tops Of Vegetables: There Are Vitamins In Those Greens.

From Lisbon: Thieves Think Up A New Ruse To Fool The Police—But They Come A Cropper.

From Bologna: A 104-year-old Woman Undergoes A Delicate Eye Operation.

BUTTERED HAIR AND PUBLIC HANGINGS IN A PLACE WHERE
THEY STILL BELIEVE
★ ★ THE EARTH IS FLAT! ★ ★

Winnipeg.
Public hangings would be regarded as a gruesome and barbarous practice in Canada, but for the people of Ethiopia, who have no newspapers, they fulfil an important function. So said Winnipeg school-teacher, Mr. S. A. Steinmann.

Public hangings served as one way in which Ethiopian authorities could show their citizens that crime did not pay.

Object Lesson

He told the Manitoba Geographical Society that their value, as an object lesson, was the reason why they had been perpetuated as a standard part of Ethiopian social practice. Mr. Steinmann, a new member of the faculty of

Kelvin High School here, recently completed six years as education director in the East African Kingdom of the Lion of Judah.

"The Emperor Haile Selassie calls himself 'King of Kings' because he has subdued many smaller rulers," Mr. Steinmann told the Society. "There were a number of uprisings during my stay, but they were soon put down."

Mr. Steinmann said education was badly hobbled in Ethiopia because the Coptic Church, to which one-third of the country's 10,000,000 people belonged, still believed and taught that the earth was flat.

The Church was also opposed to the use of machinery

on the land and disapproved of all animals other than oxen.

Despite such drawbacks, however, the former education director found many signs of modernization in Ethiopia. He said cities like Addis Ababa, the capital, were becoming tourist attractions because of the introduction of attractive, palm-lined streets, modern cars and up-to-date hotels.

Primitive

Mr. Steinmann said that in rural areas the people still lived in much the same way as they had done for centuries past.

"They use rancid butter to dress their hair and the smell, as a consequence, is not very pleasant," he said.

"They eat raw meat. They serve it with hot, peppery spices and a good sharp knife. The government encourages them to put windows in their round, grass huts, but they seem to prefer open holes and plenty of smoke in order to drive out the flies."

The returning teacher had a word of caution for those inclined to regard the people of Ethiopia as socially backward to the point of unimportance in a complex and modern world.

"The eager young men we taught at teacher-training schools are men with whom the world will soon have to reckon," Mr. Steinmann said. "It is up to us to help them; not laugh at them."—United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Just listen to Mom gush to that new neighbour! And she criticises me when I discuss boys seriously with my friends!"

TALE OF TWO SMART THIEVES

Lisbon.
Two smart thieves devised a new method of robbery last month by using stolen cars instead of the traditional crooks' tools of trade.

They stole 40 cars but were caught in the act as they made off in the 41st.

They picked up cars in Lisbon streets and then, by night, in

Lisbon outskirts and other towns, crashed them into shop windows.

If anybody appeared, it was just an accident. If nobody appeared they filled the cars with everything they could steal from the broken window or the shop.

Then they abandoned the car after, of course, stealing a few

extras such as radio, tools, spare tyres, etc.

They stole so much in a month that Police had to use a huge trolley to carry the swag from two rooms where the thieves stored it to the police quarters where it was put into the biggest room in the building.

A veteran police sub-chief said: "I have never seen so much robbed in so short a time by so few."—China Mail Special.

HOW TO SHRINK HUMAN HEADS

Buenos Aires.
A French explorer M. Bertrand Flornoy, first sent from the Upper Amazon, in Peru, a recipe of the Jibaro Indians for shrinking human heads.

The recipe is: "Boil in water until all fat is removed; carefully remove the skin from skull and sew up along the cut. Fill with hot sand and rub on outside with hot stones."

Dr Jorge Carranza Vidal, of Argentina, who accompanied M. Flornoy part of the way returned to Buenos Aires with this recipe in his pocket. "The Jibaros," he said, "are no worse than Westerners. In fact in some things, they are better. They do not have as many diseases as we do—and they are certainly less cruel."—China Mail Special.

Prefers Life Down On The Farm

Madrid.
Seven deer were kept in captivity for several months to acclimate them before they were turned loose on the Liebanas Mountains to increase the game reserves.

But one of the deer returned and declined to follow the others into the mountains. It now grazes peacefully with a herd of cows during the day and comes back to the farm with them at night.—China Mail Special.

New Zealand To Get TV By 1957

Wellington.
New Zealanders who, so far, can see television in the Dominion only at manufacturers' demonstrations, may be able to watch it in their own homes by 1957.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Sidney Holland, announcing that the start of television was in sight, expressed the hope that the stage would soon be reached when a firm proposal could be announced.

The Minister of Broadcasting, Mr. Ronald Algie, has clearly indicated that whatever system of television is introduced, it will be controlled by the Government.

Representatives of commercial television interests here say that television could be operating within two years. They argue that the logical people to run it in New Zealand would be the newspapers, film, entertainment and electronic industries.

Difficulties

Because of the nature of the country with its many high hills and small population scattered over a wide area, transmission on a national basis is likely to be much too difficult—and expensive.

When television does come, it is likely that only the four major population centres—Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch and Dunedin—will have stations.

For economic reasons, the system will be at least partly commercial. The Government has 20 years of experience behind it in the control of a commercial broadcasting service, and it is likely that the television system will be modelled on the same pattern.

Who is to control television, of whatever kind, is not the burning question for the average New Zealander now, however. He is more interested to get it in his home—and the sooner the better.—China Mail Special.

HUNTING SHARKS WITH A RAZOR-EDGED SLICER

Barkley Sound.
West coast salmon fishermen have declared all-out warfare on sharks.

The new weapon the salmon fishermen are bringing into play definitely gives the sharks a hard time. But it protects the fishermen's nets from shark damage and frees sockeye salmon schools of the devastating shark menace. Responding to an urgent appeal from the west coast salmon men the Federal Department of Fisheries has devised effective means of coping with basking sharks. In recent years sharks have seriously menaced salmon fisheries off parts of the British Columbia coast.

30 Feet Long

With the installation of a specially built razor-like rum on the bow of the fisheries protection vessel Comix Post, a heavy toll of basking sharks have been taken in this area. Reports from fishery officers indicated that since the outfitting of the Comix Post with the shark weapon about 40 have been destroyed. A bag of 18 was the highest recorded.

Damage to gill nets and trolling gear by basking sharks has been the west coast salmon fisherman's problem for many years. The sharks, some of which reach a length of 30 feet, feed on the same

food as the sockeye salmon. They frequent the same areas as the salmon and are in their greatest numbers in the height of the sockeye season.

Since no commercial use has been found for them the presence of a basking shark in a salmon school is the fisherman's nightmare. When the sharks become snared in the nets they do heavy damage and destroy hundreds of dollars worth of webbing in a few minutes.

Schools Of 50

Trolling gear, the fishermen claim, is equally vulnerable if the hooks snag the edges of the sharks. As many as 50 of them may gather in an area where salmon are feeding making it impossible for fishermen to lay out their nets.

"We scout and find the salmon," one fisherman said. "But lose our enthusiasm when we see those large, menacing fins." Fishermen and fishing companies have tried for many years to find an answer to the problem. Harpooning has met with limited success. However, the method was considered too slow to be effective. Rifle fire was discarded because it endangered other craft.

The new method of shark-killing is an improvement on a device tried in river inlets by a fishing company a few years ago.—United Press.

Don't Throw Vitamins In The Dustbin

Pretoria.
You are throwing away the best part of the vegetables you buy, according to a report issued in the Union Department of Nutrition.

All the vitamins people look for in their greens, the report said, are found in much larger quantities in those tops and leaves which they unthinkingly discard.

The Department said that carrot tops are ten times as rich in calcium and iron as the carrot itself and 30 times as rich in Vitamin C—vital for good teeth and a healthy complexion.

Beet leaves contain six times as much Vitamin C as the beet, and turnip leaves five times as much, as the turnip itself, the report added.

"All these leaves are tasty—much tastier than spinach," it declared and recommended that they be eaten in small quantities, in soup, although

FALLEN ANGEL

East London.
His name is Matthew Mark Luke John Vooloo, but that did not keep him on the straight and narrow.

He was found guilty in the East London (South Africa) Regional Court on three counts of housebreaking and theft and sentenced to six months.

He was charged on four counts, but his plea of not guilty on one count was accepted by the prosecutor.—China Mail Special.

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THESE Portsmouth youngsters don't speak Russian, but smiles, as the saying goes, speak volumes — and there's no doubting their pleasure at the sweets given them by the Russian sailors. Scene was a party given for 450 children aboard the flagship of the Soviet naval squadron which has just concluded a five-day goodwill visit of the British Isles. (Express)



POSING with a pet Corgi in front of her recently-acquired home in the north of Scotland, Castle May, is Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. She returned to London shortly after this picture was taken. (Express)



GROUP Captain Peter Townsend, whose name has been linked romantically with Princess Margaret, is a noted amateur jockey. He often raced in France and Belgium, where he has been Air Attache. Back in England, he made use of his stay at Allanby Lodge to get in a little practice. (Express)



A policeman watches as London workmen clear the road of a tree blown down in the Strand area during recent heavy gales which swept Britain. Some of them reached a velocity of 80 mph. Along the southeast coast, there was a trail of snapped telephone wires, damaged roofs and broken windows. Flooded roads and widespread electrical power failures were reported inland. (Express)

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



PRINCESS MARGARET presenting the new Colours to the 1st Battalion, the Highland Light Infantry, at Bulford Barracks, Wiltshire. The Princess is Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment. (Army News)



BRITAIN'S newest hair-dressing gimmick is the Pairedo (rhymes with hairdo — got it?). Idea is that girl friends and boy friends, husbands and wives, should have matching hair styles to signalise their affection for each other. It was dreamed up by Hounslow hairdresser Leonard Pountney. Result is here pictured. But if the boy friend's bald, girls, you'll just have to fall back on the old-fashioned engagement ring. (Express)

LEFT: Moira Shearer in a scene from the play, "Ondine," at the first night at the Theatre Royal, Bristol. She gave up two careers, as ballerina and \$15,000-a-picture film star, to act in repertory at £18 a week. The play, by Jean Girardoux, tells of the disillusionment of a water nymph with a mortal sweetheart; and was made famous by Audrey Hepburn on Broadway. (Express)

BELOW: Visit of the Duke of Gloucester, Colonel-in-Chief, to the 10th Royal Hussars at Netheravon, Wills. The Duke inspects Centurion tanks and crews during the ceremonial parade and drive past. (Army News)



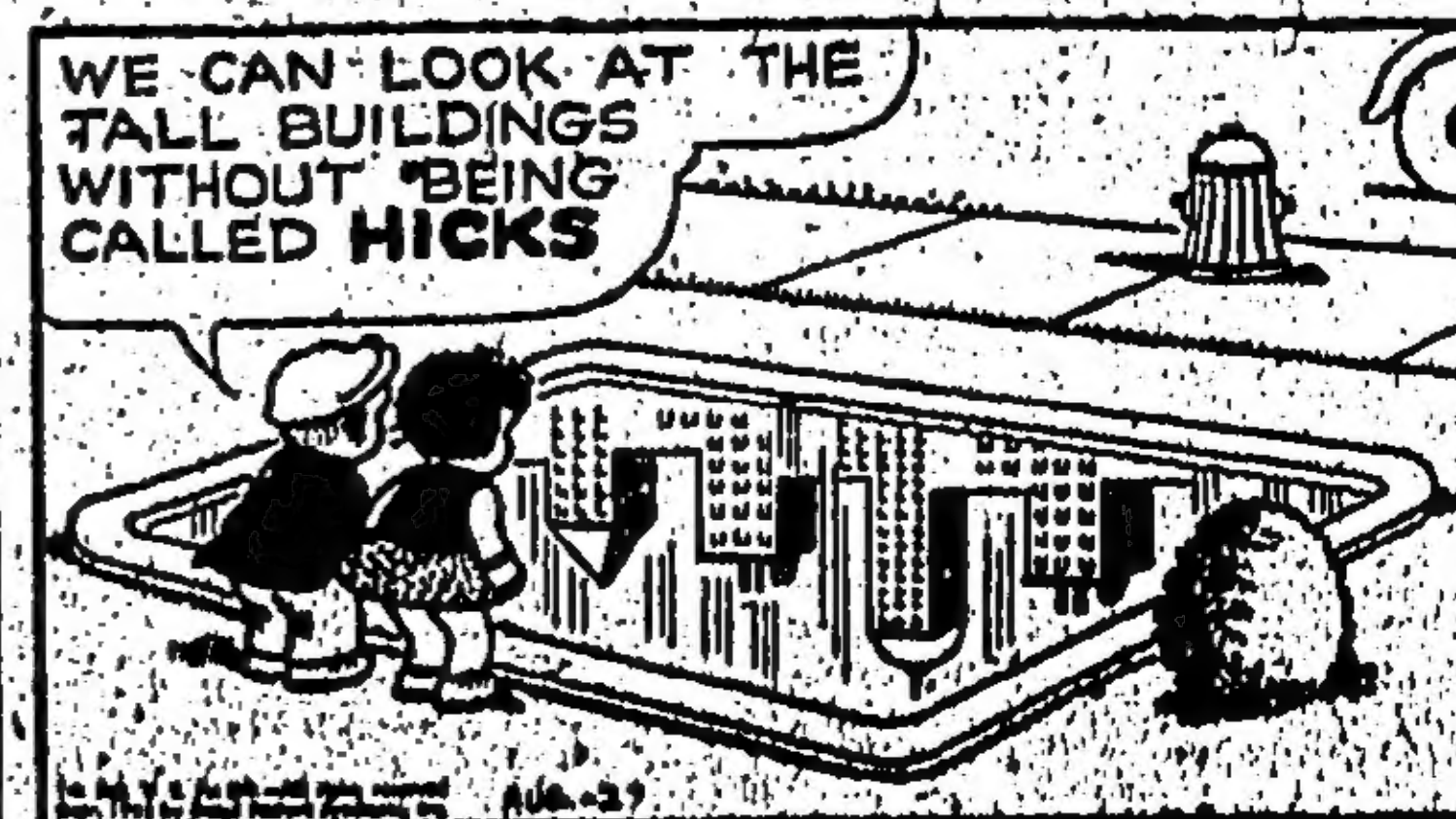
ONE of the world's only four women bullfighters is Senhorina Tamara Louwe, 25, of Portugal. She has just completed her first season fighting bulls — eight fights in all — and is now in London for a visit. She has never killed a bull. "In Portugal, it is only a symbolic killing," she explained. Women are not allowed to fight in Spain. (Express)



PRETTY Rosemarie Trow, 19, won instantaneous success when she made her singing debut last week at a London night club — the reward for years of battle against misfortune. In 1942 Rosemarie was wounded by a bomb, which caused paralysis and scars. She spent months in hospital undergoing plastic surgery, but always practised her singing. Perseverance has now paid off. (Express)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



BLACK
MAGIC
ASSORTED
CHOCOLATES

MAU MAU IS NOW WHACKED

By Donald Wise

Nairobi. THE last Mau Mau has his ear glued to a short-wave radio in his cloudy mountain eyrie, 3,000 feet above the golden wheat of the white farmers.

He is tired. He is cold, he is hungry, he is the warped-minded womaniser Dedan Kimathi, self-styled Field Marshal, Prime Minister, and Knight of the African Empire.

Once a dairy clerk, a school-teacher, and before that an Army corporal, right-on Kimathi is playing soldiers with his defeated quicksilver forest guerrillas as Hitler once moved shadow units from his Berlin bunker.

Kimathi and Stanley Mathenge, the two top Mau Mau leaders, are whacked. After three years of eile, slaying war against Kenya's white and local Africans, the starved bamboo gunmen are lurching through the sudden forest looking for food.

In three years KIMATHI's band has been a general leadership. Mau Mau is far removed from the deadly combination of black nationalism and chaos that seized Kenya in October 1952.

Loyal Africans remember it as a 12-20 time period of salt-taking ceremonies into which they were dragged or paid to die.

Two-year famine, grey hard eyes when they talk of slashed cuts of white women and their children, and the pure patience of famine.

In three years more than 10,000 have died in the plantations, and the Mau Mau has been reduced to a few hundred.

The Mau Mau has been reduced to a few hundred. The Mau Mau has been reduced to a few hundred. The Mau Mau has been reduced to a few hundred.

Remember? WHEN the present emergency was declared, Kenya was a coffee and tea plantation. Mau Mau was a few hundred.

But now after these three rebellious years how the scene is changed. The colony, where gun-toting whites were once swamped by Mau Mau, is now a place of order and peace.

What is left of Mau Mau is one million and a half ragged, sullen Kikuyu, worrying 18,000 whites who are gradually becoming multi-racially minded.

A few white reactionaries still growl. "Hanging a sample of the Mau Mau in the lamp-posts in Delamere Avenue."

The Mau Mau may still be trying to train his griffins to last out a polo chukka or two. But the romantic nostalgia once wrapped around Kenya's once-conscious farmer is gone.

They know—thinking of their dismembered pedigree herds, their dead neighbours—that their feudal system died on October 20 three years ago when the emergency was proclaimed.

More understanding, they rub shoulders with Africans and Indians in the bars now. Any- one of any colour can eat anywhere in Nairobi—although landlords are stodgier up-country.

Danger... THERE are fewer with leopard-skin holstered guns, fewer hysterical jungle tales now. The once much-blamed Mau Mau is still the same—5,500 feet above sea level.

The attitude is different. There are curfews, jungle squads, National Servicemen on patrol, police dogs, barbed wire and killings. There will be for another year.

The jungle dictator, grafted on to his stolen receiver in the bamboo forest, is battling to keep up the morale of his gangs. But as long as he and his henchmen Mathenge are at large, there will be mortal danger to the isolated settlers from their thugs.

THE FLEET'S IN by GILES



"I know someone's Chick who'll be going on a charge for Un-American activities."

London Express Service

THIS CURIOUS SCHWEITZER CULT

Is It Entirely Healthy? I Wonder

"I SEE that the Queen received Albert Schweitzer this morning," said Charles.

An Imaginary Dialogue By WILLIAM HICKEY

Charles

"Fantastic to think that this Albert, born a German, later a Frenchman, has become the only honorary member of our most exclusive order the Order of Merit except for Eisenhower."

"One of the men of war. The other the man of peace, the missionary and doctor of Central Africa. I wonder," said Charles, as he stared through the long windows that looked out on the river grey with dusk and rain.

"I wonder what the Queen thought this morning when she gave him the Order."

"I suppose he is the greatest man she has ever met. His friend Elizabeth looked up from the log fire.

"There are a few tedious subjects at the moment, Charles," she said. "But Schweitzer is just about the most tedious topic of the lot."

"For the last five years I've listened to more sentimental rubbish about that man than I can stand."

Those cliches

CHARLES turned back from the window with the look of surprise you would have expected if he had seen Burgess and Maclean walking along the Embankment.

"Do you realise, Elizabeth, that you are talking about the man they call the greatest man on earth?"

"For goodness sake," interrupted Elizabeth, "for goodness sake, Charles, stop repeating the more banal cliches of the generation which spent adolescence in a second-hand atheism and is now trying to catch up with a second-rate Billy Grahamism. Who is this man Schweitzer, anyway? All I

know is that he is spending his time at 81 sitting at a table in an obscure restaurant in West-minster, receiving high and low. It seems to me as ostentatious as Raleigh throwing down his cloak in the puddle.

"He is parading a poverty which he does not suffer."

"Which he spent on his hospital at Lambarene," interrupted Charles angrily.

"All right, all right," said Elizabeth. "I know that he is not, trying to feather his own nest in a common or vulgar way."

"I might have known it was Bach, another sacred cow of the intellectuals," Elizabeth broke in. "It wouldn't have been the same would it, if he had written about Tolstoy or Schumann?"

"Will you keep quiet, woman?" shouted Charles. "You asked me to talk. Now you do nothing but interrupt."

"All right, all right," said Elizabeth. "But I think Bach is irrelevant. It might have been Noel Coward for all I care."

Charles, standing out his cigarette and looked with a certain sadness at Elizabeth.

"Then, according to a plan he had had since his youth, Schweitzer studied to be a doctor. And then he chose a desolate disease-ridden area in Equatorial Africa and went there to spend his life."

"You can sneer, Elizabeth. You can be a clever clogs. But here was a man who could have passed his life in ease and

affluence who went out to do good. And try and laugh that one off."

"I don't doubt it for one minute," said Elizabeth. "No doubt he has done good. But he has accepted the worldly rewards, the fame, the Nobel Prize."

"Which he spent on his hospital at Lambarene," interrupted Charles angrily.

"All right, all right," said Elizabeth. "I know that he is not, trying to feather his own nest in a common or vulgar way."

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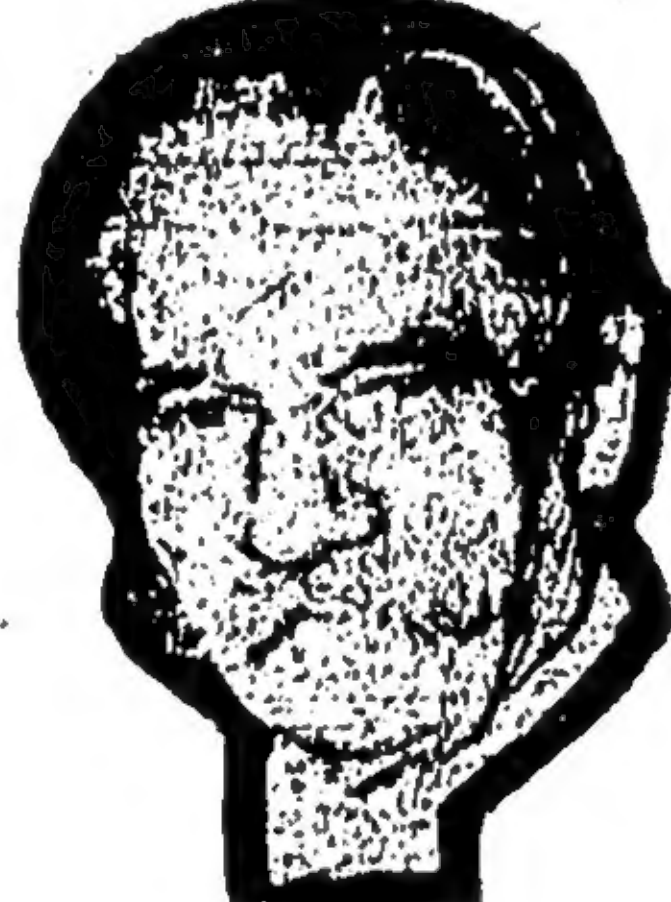
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So dramatic

"YOU and your type," added Elizabeth, "would always believe anything against a British official, but supposing anyone criticised Schweitzer? I know what you would say."

They sat down either side of the marble fireplace with its frieze of dancing Grecian girls. They were a little embarrassed. A little conscious that they had talked with more vehemence and sincerity than is permissible in upper middle class society.

Suddenly Elizabeth leaned across and impulsively took Charles's hand.

"Dear Charles," she said. "Don't think I'm not really on the side of the angels—the Schweitzers, if you like."

"But you know, people like you don't realise how much goodness, how much self-sacrifice, how much practical Christianity is going on all round you."

Lamplight with its white ants and its lepers is spectacular, dramatic.

"But listen, Charles, listen to London. You are a busy man. In any case a man. You do not have the loneliness, the acute senses of a woman who has to listen with her heart."

"And most of us women do. And there are times, particularly at this hour when dusk is falling and I haven't pulled the curtains, when the sounds that come to me are not those of the traffic."

"There are the cries of men and women who are suffering here and now."

"And there are, those who also hear and help."

"It may be a humble little job, a kind word, a little money, an attitude of mind."

"No Orders of Merit, Charles, for them. But, perhaps, in the sight of God, although they do not play Bach."

"Don't think I underestimate Schweitzer," said Charles, "but don't underestimate the ordinary man and woman."

Right....

She stopped speaking. It was quiet except for the rumble of the traffic along the Embankment.

"I suppose you're right," said Charles. "We can all have our Lambarenes."

(Continued)

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greater convenience and added accuracy by the patented Perpetual self-winding "rotor" mechanism; that it will not only tell him the correct time, at a glance, but also the date, shown clearly and automatically in a neat window on the dial.

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GOALPOSTS MARK FIRST RADIO TRY

By Mark Dunlop

ON the United Services ground at Portsmouth are two goalposts, and it is claimed that one of them marks the spot where Scotsman James Bowman Lindsay carried out the first experiment in wireless telegraphy in August 1864.

Authority for this claim, backed by documentary evidence, comes from Mr James Lindsay, a retired Hampshire inventor, who has always asserted that Lindsay forged the first link in the history of the world radio. What's more, he says that the great Marconi himself has admitted this.

Duncan recently visited Portsmouth for documentary search to add further proof to the authenticity of his claims, and to make an extensive survey of the spot where Lindsay succeeded in transmitting messages across water more than a century ago.

With the aid of maps and documents, yellow and faded with age, he looked the exact spot from which messages were sent through water without a wire—a spot today marked by a goalpost.

And now that he has located the right spot, he throws out a challenge to the Russians, who have for some time claimed to be the pioneers of wireless communications.

In Lindsay's time the United Services ground site was the Mill Dam, which was 500 yards wide and a well-known local landmark.

Mr Duncan is prepared to take any Russian researcher to the site "where," he says, "I will show them undeniable proof that Lindsay's communications were proved successful in Portsmouth before the Russians—or any other nation—thought about them."

He has also for their inspection authentic charts and documents relating to Lindsay's experiments.

Mr Duncan is the grandson of Mr Andrew Galloway, who assisted Lindsay in his early experiments and himself is the custodian of records of these experiments and claims.

THE GREATEST MAN IN THE WORLD?

I never doubted that he is a superior man.

"But to the superior man come the subtle, intricate temptations that the ordinary man never encounters."

"We have all seen Eliot's 'Matter in the Cathedral.' We all know that Thomas a Becket realised that in desiring martyrdom he might be guilty of spiritual arrogance."

"You really are impossible," said Charles.

"Dear old Charles," said Elizabeth with a smile. "Always trying to find a hero. But of course he must be foreign. He must have a walrus moustache. And he must play Bach on the organ."

"When your 'greatest' living man in the world saw the war was coming he went back to Africa. He wanted to withdraw himself from the disaster being an intelligent man... he knew would destroy Europe."

Away from it

"I KNOW what you are going to say... he had a job to do, a duty to perform that transcended our problems. But as far as I am concerned this man Schweitzer wasn't much better than the intellectuals who went to California to write their prose and poetry away from the beastly stench of destruction."

"Your Bach is Europe. Your Christian Church, Roman or Protestant, is Europe. And I have more time for the Liver-pool clerk or the Durham pig-bro who died for Europe and its ideals than for anyone who turned round and said 'I'll have nothing to do with this.'"

"You talk like one of those women who used to go round planning white feathers on men in civilian clothes during the first war," said Charles with something approaching a sneer.

(Continued)

BEGINNING: HALF-FORGOTTEN HEROES

U-570 wallowed in the Atlantic gale like a stricken killer whale. Kapitänleutnant Hans Rahnlow stood in the conning tower, watching the signal lamp flicker a message from the British trawler Northern Chief.

"If you make any attempt to scuttle or abandon your ship I will save no one and open fire on your boats and rafts."

Rahnlow, on the third day of his first operational patrol as U-boat commander, floated back to the trawler. "I cannot abandon or scuttle. Save us tomorrow please."

Those two signals helped force one of the Royal Navy's greatest weapons against the U-boat pucks: the Allied convoys as they crossed the Atlantic. They meant Britain had captured its first U-boat, they said. Hitler's submarine secrets.

When the new 500-ton U-boat was commissioned in June, 1941, Admiral Dönitz was scouting the bottom of the Kriegsmarine barrel for submarine crews. Of 570's crew of 43 only four had done a war cruise in a U-boat.

After a few "working up" cruises in the sheltered Kattegat and Skagerrak U-570 went north to Norway, and on the night of August 24, 1941, Rahnlow took his boat out of Loch Ebor on her first war patrol.

The weather was bad. As the spray-swept U-570 pitched and rolled her way towards her Atlantic hunting ground, first one and then another of her crew became violently seasick. For 30 of the 43 it was the first taste of life in a small U-boat in heavy weather. A bitter taste that left no appetite for food or war.

Chaos Below

JUST after dawn on August 27 Rahnlow decided to dive for three hours to give the crew a rest because morale was very low. Water flooded into the ballast tanks and U-570 submerged to a swirl of water. The time was 6:30 a.m. and a Coastal Command Hudson from Iceland spotted that swirl.

The plane dived down and dropped smoke floats, radiating a sighting report to its base. The pilot flew round for another hour, searching for a trace of U-570. "Vision was very limited owing to rain-squall," the pilot reported later.

Then Hudson "S" from 200 Squadron, piloted by Squadron Leader J. H. Thompson, took over the patrol and continued circling the area. At 10:00 a.m. Rahnlow decided to surface. Thompson spotted U-570 as her conning tower broke surface and he put the Hudson into a shallow dive.

Rahnlow climbed up into the conning tower just in time to spot the plane and immediately shouted down orders for a crash dive. But the patient Thompson was too quick—four depth charges dropped from the Hudson's bomb bays.

He reported: "The U-boat was completely enveloped by the explosions and shortly afterwards submerged completely." Two minutes later U-570 shot to the surface again out of control and "10 or 12 of its crew, wearing yellow lifejackets, appeared in the conning tower and came down on deck."

There had been chaos below during those two minutes.

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By the time the Hudson began her third run over the U-boat a surrender signal was being waved from the conning tower. It was the captain's shirt, frilled down the front and lightly stained. To avoid any misunderstanding a white board was put on deck. U-570 had capitulated to the Hudson. Its demoralized, seasick crew had had enough.

The jubilant Thompson radioed to base, asking for ships to come and take off the German crew. Immediately C-in-C, Western Approaches, signalled two destroyers and three trawlers to steam at full speed for U-570's reported position.

By noon the weather was appalling, with a full gale blowing. Thompson's Hudson circled until 1:45 p.m. when a Catalina flying boat of 200 Squadron arrived. Thompson signalled: "Look after our sub, which has shown a white flag." The Catalina was joined by other planes.

But the hours were speeding by and the gale continued unabated. Orders went out to the waiting planes: "If it appears surface craft unable to reach position before dark, after giving due warning you should sink the U-boat."

However, the RAF's Coastal Command brought in more planes to ensure an all-night

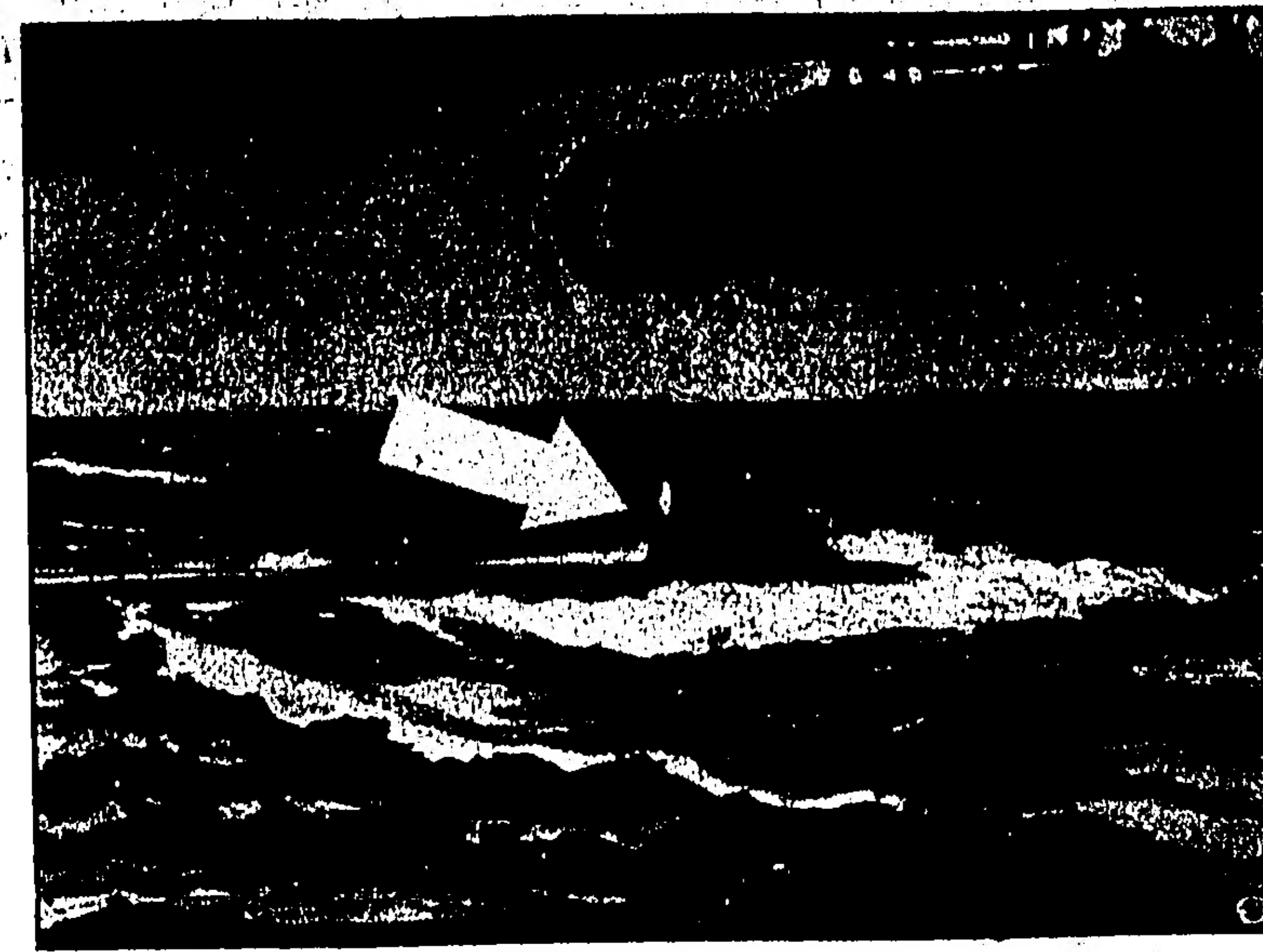
AFTER BOFFINS HAD PROBED HER SECRETS THE NAVY USED U-570 TO HUNT HER FORMER SISTER SHIPS

THE CAPTURE OF U-570

By DUDLEY POPE

The ships waited until 1:50 p.m. when the wind eased a bit and the Kingston Agate manoeuvred so that she could drift a Carley float down to U-570. In the float were Lieut. H. Campbell, Sub-Lieutenant W. Gibson and two ratings, who swam aboard the submarine and organised the transfer of the five wounded men to safety. Within a couple of hours all the German crew of 43 had been transferred to the destroyers.

By daylight other ships arrived: the destroyers Burwell and Niagara, and the trawlers Windermere and Kingston Agate. At 7:20 a.m. the seas were so big that the Windermere steamed to windward and pumped out oil to calm them. At the same time a line was passed to the Burwell. But the line parted.



U-570 surrenders to a RAF Hudson: the captain's dress shirt (arrowed) was used as a white flag.

55 miles northeast of Cape Ortegal when the rating at the hydrophone reported a contact ahead at long range.

At 3:52 p.m. Marriott gave the order to close the contact and went up to the kiosk and sealed himself at the periscope. A few minutes later he spotted the enemy—a U-boat.

He reported later: "A heavy swell was running. Only the enemy's conning tower was seen, though this with considerable clearness for a second. It was painted bright green, which shone in the sun, and it appeared to be roughly bean-shaped. Then came the months for which months of training and planning had prepared them. Everything rested with Marriott as, forward in the torpedo room, men waited for the order to fire."

Then Marriott, his eyes pressed to the rubber-padded eyepiece of the periscope, gave the order to fire. At 4:58 p.m. four torpedoes vomited from the Graph's bow tubes.

Explosions

STOP watches were started. Men watched stiff with tension. They counted the seconds... then the minutes... One explosion, then, 15 seconds later, another.

These two were followed by a prolonged explosion and a series of minor ones. The hydrophone operator reported "a grand assortment of all kinds of metallic noises" lasting for two minutes.

Marriott waited until 8:30 p.m. and then surfaced. There was no sign of the U-boat, nor was there any wreckage. HMS Graph's first operation was completed.

Note: Later in the war Graph attacked a couple of enemy destroyers. Marriott was awarded the DSO for "great courage, skill and determination" while in command of her.

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NEXT SATURDAY:

Tito boats the "Knight's Move."

ROMANTIC BALMORAL

By JAMES TAYLOR

WHAT with Royal birthday celebrations and romantic rumours, Balmoral Castle has been very much in the limelight of late, particularly since it has reached an anniversary of its own — its centenary.

It was in 1855 that the turreted, grey granite baronial castle of Balmoral (which means in Gaelic "the majestic dwelling"), built to the Prince Consort's own design to replace the smaller original home on the estate that he had bought as a summer residence for himself and his adoring "Vickey" (Queen Victoria), was first occupied.

Writing of Balmoral, where her happiest times were spent, Queen Victoria said: "Every

year my heart becomes more and more fixed in this dear Paradise."

The Castle has had many links with Royal romances, particularly since the reign of King George V and Queen Mary, and although it is not a fixed tradition, there are plenty of precedents for the announcing of a Royal engagement from Balmoral.

It played a part in the romance of the Queen when Princess Elizabeth, although her engagement was announced from Buckingham Palace in July 1947, it is believed that it was at a Balmoral house party during the previous summer that the Duke of Edinburgh, then known as Prince Philip of Greece and later to become

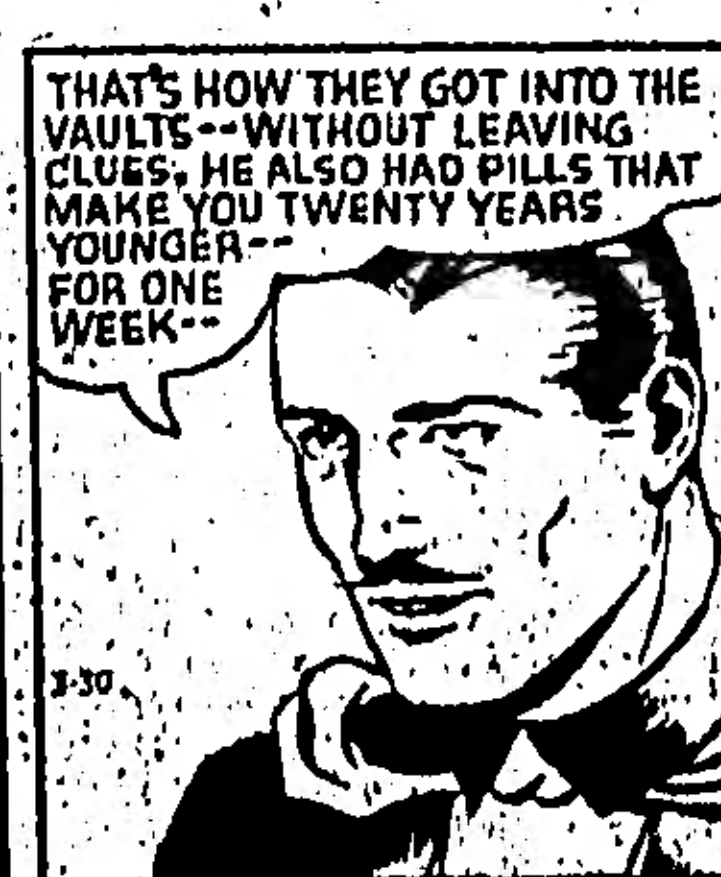
plain lieutenant Philip Mountbatten until his marriage, proposed to the Princess.

Earlier Prince Philip had first sought the King's permission to marry his daughter, but the King felt that Elizabeth was too young to make up her mind quickly and asked him to wait until the following year.

Almost all Princess Margaret's birthdays have been celebrated, as this year, at Balmoral during the Royal Family's holidays, and most of the rumours of romance which have beset her since she reached the age of 21 have assumed fever-peak on Doedsie.

It was during her 21st birthday celebrations at Balmoral that Group Captain Peter Townsend was on duty as her father's equerry.

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

Concluding: Adventure On A Shoestring

THE FEAST IN THE STREETS

By Cliff Hanley

AFTER the Pingaro climb, the Cunningham-Melnes Himalayan Expedition was more or less finished with climbing. But they had a long way to go—back to New Zealand.

Much of their time in Nepal they had spent on the forbidden Nepal-Tibet border. They had no business even in Nepal, having received no official permission to enter.

It is possible that they wander across into Tibet during their four months among the mountains. But, as John Cunningham points out, who would know?

The classical conception of frontiers, with striped barriers and lynx-eyed immigration officials, seems funny when the map runs through blizzards and glaciers and gulches where no human being has ever trodden.

"Real Fright" The most frightening experience of the trip had nothing to do with climbing, glaciers, guns or drug-runners in both directions. Cunningham and Melnes had to cross big rivers.

On the way in, they negotiated the Sun Koshi by dugout. The river was in a boiling rage, and the dugouts had only an inch or two of treeboard.

"This was my first real fright," Cunningham declares. "I wanted to scream. It's quite different from rock climbing."

"On the way out, we followed a different route, further out, and this didn't spare us. This time it was the Dhud Khosi, in spite with melting snow from Everest."

"They don't even consider using boats on it—it would wash away. The Queen Mary was a ferryman had a rope stretched, but not tight enough, from one bank to the other, and we had to cross by this rope."

"I knew it was coming, and I tried to make myself weigh half a pound, or minus half a pound, or float in the air like a rocket-ship. But I hadn't got the trick of it."

CID Arrive From this point, danger and discomfort end in the Himalaya story. Within four days on the road to Australia, Cunningham regained his lost pounds, and the two of them ate their way solidly through everything the ship could offer, including a constant diet of ice cream between all meals.

Once in Australia, they still had to find their way back to New Zealand, where Cunningham had £80 deposited with the Government as an earnest of his good faith as a sponsored immigrant, but this couldn't be collected till he actually landed in New Zealand.

"We were taking our first baths for months," says Cunningham. "Baths! A tub with a cold water tap above it. You sit in the tub and turn the water on to your head."

"I was sitting under the shower when the CID arrived. I didn't want to have anything to do with them. I played stupid, and referred them to Hamish. I think now he had referred them to me in the first place. We kept them going for a while, but they were enormously polite and perfectly unsatisfactory."

"They wanted to know everything, and we could see prison bars closing around us while they took us through the whole story."

"But when they had finished, they changed quite suddenly, and gave us the red carpet treatment. They even invited us to the pictures."

Ham And Eggs

"The pictures at Jaynagar are a fabulous experience. We were in the balcony, as honoured guests. From time to time somebody would shout above the sound track, the picture would stop, and the lights would go up while a water-carrier attended to the shouting customer."

"Would you like some ham and eggs?" our hosts asked. "Sure thing!" The programme was stopped, a table laid and ham and eggs were brought to us before the film could go on.

"After the show, the CID men wouldn't let us go. They had arranged a banquet for us, and we were quite willing to try it. When we asked where the banquet was, they pointed to the main street. A table was being laid

(THE END)

Leading reporters the world over have spontaneously acclaimed the amazing accuracy of automatic winding on a ball-bearing! "It is to watchmaking what jet propulsion is to aviation!"



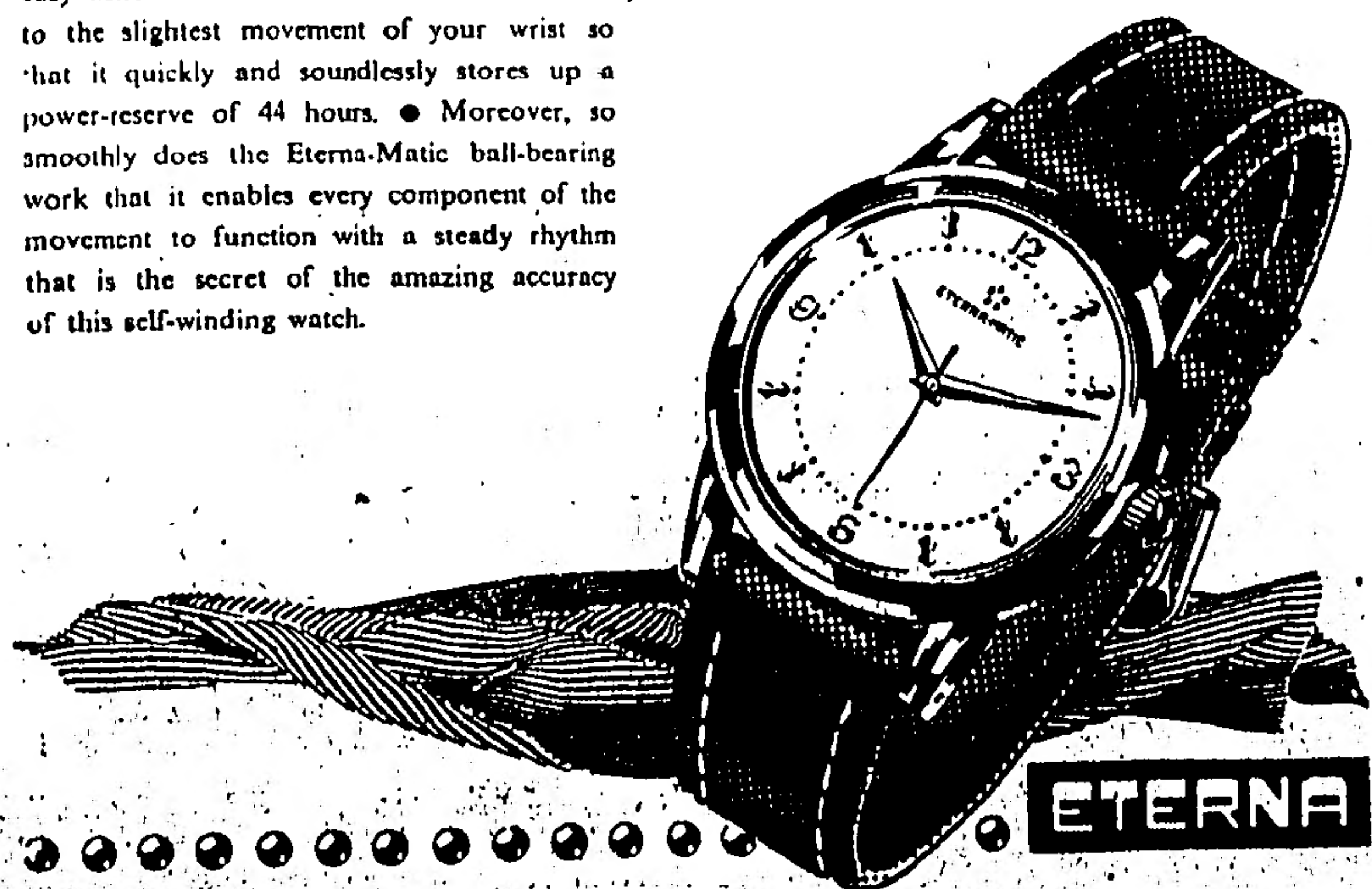
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banishes the last weak spot in the automatic watch

The arch-enemy of any mechanism is wear. Until now the "stuff" of an automatic watch was regarded as its danger-spot because of the friction it caused. Eterna has brilliantly eliminated this source of danger by fitting a smooth-running near-microscopic ball-bearing in place of the "stuff". But this Eterna-Matic ball-bearing with its 5 unbreakable steel balls — so tiny that a thimble would hold 30,000 — has not only removed harmful friction: its easy action enables the rotor that automatically winds the watch to respond to the slightest movement of your wrist so that it quickly and soundlessly stores up a power-reserve of 44 hours. Moreover, so smoothly does the Eterna-Matic ball-bearing work that it enables every component of the movement to function with a steady rhythm that is the secret of the amazing accuracy of this self-winding watch.



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EX 5 A

Will He Succeed Attlee?

SOMETHING NEW IN POLITICS

By Les Armour

Heavily-tipped as successor to Clement Attlee and the leadership of Britain's Socialist Party, Hugh Gaitskell is a man with a massive problem to solve: how to reconcile his own plans with the dogma of his party.

It would be wrong to say that Hugh Gaitskell climbed to power; the power created Hugh Gaitskell. Today, for Gaitskell is something new in British politics, perhaps in world politics. It is not just that 10 years ago no more than a handful of people had ever heard of him. He represents a new type—a type demanded by the exigencies of a new society.

There is much of Clement Attlee in him: the genuine humility, the same quiet doggedness. There is much of Sir Stafford Cripps in him too: the same brilliance, the drive to put what he considers to be the public good ahead of what he considers to be the good of the Party.

But he is also unlike both of them. Attlee was the man who went down to the slums of London to carry the middle-class citizen's burden, and emerged, considering in soul and determined to fight the wrongs he saw. Stafford Cripps was once a politically dangerous revolutionary.

First Steps

HUGH Gaitskell is a political man. He has seldom made any pretence at being anything else.

His father was a top-grade civil servant in India. Hugh was sent to Winchester, one of Britain's top public schools, and to Oxford.

He was in Oxford during the General Strike of 1926 and it was then he made his first tentative steps towards Socialism: he offered his services to the local strike committee.

At Oxford he won first-class honours in philosophy, political science and economics. Then he went to work for the Workers' Educational Association. They sent him to conduct evening classes for craftsmen in Nottinghamshire.

It can hardly be said he was concerned at the idea of the educational missionary. He took it just one year.

But, he says, he learned there the meaning of economic feudalism, victimisation, and arbitrary economic power. He was a sensitive young man; he was a sensitive middle-aged man; and there is no doubt that he was deeply moved by what he saw in the miners' homes of late 1920s.

It is said the he was once moved to tears by the spectacle of hungry out of work miners.

War Years

YET he did not regard the war as one to be dealt with by an outburst of revolutionary emotion. Instead, he took the problem with him and left the coal pits for University College, London.

There, in 1938, he became head of the department of Political Economics. He was just 31.

He overtook him in the midst of his meditations and became a civil servant. A year later he was Principal Private Secretary to the Ministry of Economic Warfare.

Gaitskell, among others, had discovered that industrial society is a complex organism which can be moved toward

desired ends by relatively slight pressures in the right places. He was not alone in his discovery. Lord Keynes had made it before him. But in time of war men who understand very rare and vitally important, Gaitskell knew that they would be vitally important in peace as well.

The significance of the discovery was that the desired ends of Socialism—equality of opportunity, a fair distribution of the wealth, social security, checks on the viciousness of economic competition—could be obtained without the economic and social upheaval demanded by traditional Socialist dogma.

Britain moved a long way towards social equality during the war. Food subsidies, judiciously applied with rationing, ensured that everyone had a fair share of the necessities of life. Income tax could be used to divert "surplus" wealth both towards the national need and toward raising the living standards of the needy.

Controls on banking and credit could regulate the pace of the economy.

But Gaitskell, among others, realised that they could be re-

ined. His aim ever since has been to refine them.

In 1945 he was elected to Parliament for the first time. He was almost immediately made Parliamentary Secretary to Emmanuel Shinwell's Ministry of Fuel and Power. Two years later he took over the Ministry.

As Stafford Cripps edged towards retirement, Gaitskell edged towards his job. Finally he became Minister of State for Economic Affairs, and then Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The rise was phenomenal. But not without explanation. The wartime economy of Britain had created a new kind of society. But that society was the creation of government machinery, and it was immensely sensitive to government manipulation.

Gaitskell insisted that the road towards Socialism lay in exploiting that sensitivity. The Party's left wing, which had thrown up Aneurin Bevan as its champion, plugged doggedly for the ancient Socialist dogmas.

But Gaitskell knew full well that, whether they were right or wrong in the end, the Government in power had to deal with the existing situation, and that it would survive or fall depending upon its success in dealing with it.

Even internally, there were problems. Social controls required co-operation and restraint. The trade unions co-operated for five years, but by 1950 they had made it plain that the policy of wage restraint could not be enforced much longer. Business, too, was chafing under restrictions and controls had begun to produce signs of a dangerous lethargy.

The other side of human nature—the individualist in man—was beginning to show itself as a social force. What means would Socialism propose to check it?

As it happened, Hugh Gaitskell had no chance to show his strength. Before he could get a full-scale programme mapped out, Labour was eased out of office by a tiny Conservative majority.

Gaitskell has never changed his policy. At Margate this month he was quiet, unassuming—but determined.

He said he was a Socialist, but he said he had no special love for Socialism's ancient dogmas. He talked persuasively on the platform, over the bar in the Grand Hotel, in late night private discussions.



HUGH GAITSKELL

British economy it couldn't control world economics, and the world economic situation had tipped dangerously against Britain.

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As a result his Party is still without a policy, insurrection is still growing on the left and perhaps everywhere but among the leadership itself. The sand in the hour-glass is running out.

Most Able

A MAJORITY of the Party had to agree. And that left Gaitskell with a tiny handful of men with the necessary expert knowledge for the job. And, of them, he was by far the most able.

Under the circumstances he could hardly fail to rise. He became Chancellor at a dark moment in his Party's fortunes. They had lost heavily in the election of 1950; economic crisis threatened; the Party's left wing was becoming restive.

In part, the Party had lost its appeal because it had kept its promises. Everyone knew that the railways, the coal mines, the electricity and gas industries had to be nationalised.

It was not a matter of Socialist dogma, it was felt, but of three necessities. They were not industries which could be run effectively by unco-ordinated private enterprise—and no group of businessmen could, in any case, have raised the capital needed for their revitalisation.

But after that the public was dubious about further nationalisation. There were, as Gaitskell said and has been saying ever since, no reasons half so compelling for nationalising any other industries.

What would Socialism propose now?

Then, too, though the Government could control the Bri-

Too Blunt

THESE, of course, were relatively crude tools crudely applied in a moment of national emergency. They were too blunt, and they hurt. Nation-

ism meant that luxuries were beyond anyone's reach, credit controls hampered every form of economic development except that desired by the Government.

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH HAVING CURVES?

By ROBERTA LEIGH

MRS LILLIAN KORZEN, 44-year-old housewife and mother of two children, will step into a divorce court in Chicago to show Judge Charles Dougherty just how effectively she has followed his advice to slim.

She is likely to tip the scales at 10 stone.

Her husband, Michael, who sued for divorce on the ground of cruelty, agreed to take her back if she reduced her 13st. 8lb. to 9st. 11lb.

Mrs Korzen attacked her slimming with great courage, deciding that if the marriage did break up, it would not be on account of her weight.

ENIGMATIC
After losing 45lb, she said: "When I saw my husband recently after losing all that weight, I just ignored him. I'm a new person now, and I'm living a life I never knew."

As a new person, does Mrs Korzen want her husband back? She is enigmatic. "Well, maybe I could win him back now if I want him, but do I?" she said.

And for those words Mrs Korzen has all my admiration.

Good for you, Mrs Korzen. Any man who treats his wife in such a humiliating fashion is not worth living with, let alone going hungry for.

How right to snub him. Much better to let a husband like that go—in the skinny arms and scraggy bosom of some other woman.

After all, since when has one been able to measure love by

weight? How on earth can extra pounds destroy that balance of a happy marriage?

Yet Mr Korzen maintains it has. And this revolting 20th-century Slimlock goes to court to demand his pound of flesh—from his wife.

THE TRUTH
What a mistake Mrs Korzen would have made if she believed she would keep her husband by getting thin again. The truth is probably that Mr Korzen is not tired of Mrs Korzen's waistline—he's just tired of Mrs Korzen.

All this talk about being overweight is just an excuse. What worries me is that if he succeeds it will mean sleepless nights for millions of plump matrons. For, let's face it, most of us put on weight with marriage.

Maybe it's not all Mr Korzen's fault. (Like most men he has been fed on babyhood of Hollywood pin-up girls and skinny beauties in bikini).

PROPAGANDA
For years decadent, beauty parous and health clinics have been turning out propaganda on the benefits of losing weight. How fat their own incomes have grown on it! Behind them they've left nothing but a trail of skin and bones, acid indigestion—and men like Mr Korzen.

As a top Paris designer has decided that women should look like tubes. But next year—who knows? It might very well be balloons.

What a lot of fools we women are to let men decide what we should look like. Any man knows how to flatter a

curves. What's wrong with a full bosom and rounded hips? Look at any classic painting—sculpture—very, won't find a Katharine Hepburn or a Margaret Leighton anywhere.

Three of the world's smartest women are the Begum Aga Khan, Mammie Eisenhower and Mme Massigli. All have 40in. hips—and have happy husbands.

And most happy husbands know are plump themselves. Plenty of us start off with a Stan Laurel only to find we've ended up with an Oliver Hardy.

Yet I've never heard of a woman divorcing her husband just because he has a double chin or a bulging tummy.

Spotlighting the case of the wife who was ordered to slim

women nowadays—by telling her that she's slim, slender and boyish.

Tell her she's buxom, bonny or comely, and she'll never speak to you again.

It's time women got together and put a stop to all this nonsense. Diet by all means if a woman feels well and happy, why should she worry about that two-way stretch?

It beats me why any woman should be ashamed of having

Miss Worth sets a new style

She shows that looks are as handicap to an actress as 1955

by AMANDA MARSHALL

SOMEBODY once said—was it about Barbara Stanwyck?—that she was one of the few Hollywood actresses who could read a book to herself without mouthing the words.

The same goes for Irene Worth, who recently starred in Thornton Wilder's "A Life in the Sun" at the Edinburgh Festival and will be seen in London as the heroine of "The Queen and the Rebels" a play by Ugo Betti, now rivaling Anouilh as London's favourite foreign drama.

The New Look

Miss Worth represents the New Look in actresses, as co-existence as co-existence and the wage-differential. The Old-World Actress was often no lady, a gaudy butterfly who gave rise to mousetraps-twirling and champagne-quaffing out of alppers, and whose name might be spoken in the smoking-room but not at the family breakfast-table. The Film Star took over where the Old-World Actress left off.

But the New Actress is entirely different. She is intelligent and hard-working and mature. She even goes to Venice when the Film Festival is not in progress.

Irene Worth, a particularly interesting example of the new phenomenon, is also something of a mystery. Not that she is

out to be one; it simply happens that way. She is a growing name—that people know very little about.

She is a West End actress who will take a trip to Coventry to act for the first time in repertory, in order to appear in a play which particularly appeals to her—an unusual course of action for a star performer.

She divides her public and her private lives. Gives no interviews on her personal tastes, makes no headline with that famous saying about being just friends, is never photographed against domestic interiors to indicate that she is just a homey girl at heart.

American born, the girl from Arkansas is now English as far as speech goes, though she can fall happily into fast Runyonesque talk or a Southern purr for demonstration purposes. Many of the American women's best attributes are still indelibly imprinted in her—neatness, tidiness, or sanitation, without fuss.

Her clothes are a happy international blend of European, Asian, and American, repaid for simplicity of line and excellence of cut. She is a real

look quiet, almost unremarkable—until you notice that they are tailored within an inch of their lives and never seem to soil or crush or droop at the hem. She has a look of clean grooming only equalled by her most tailored type of cat. That means polythene clothes, bags and regular, meticulous cleaning and pressing.

Neither Miss Worth's figure nor her planned wardrobe has a single superfluous bulge. She makes no false economy bargain; she has no room for them anyway, since she lives practically and simply in a little Kensington service flat, trim and tidy and close-fitting as a waltz skirt, where books and gramophone records and a few pictures all have their special place with not an inch to spare.

Likes To Eat
She loves good food and likes to eat it abroad whenever she can. She loves jewellery—worn with restraint and belonging to the antique variety rather than the diamonds-are-an-investment school. Her hands are elegant, with short-cut practical nails, and as often as not a colourless varnish.

It wouldn't be true to say that you'd never think, on first acquaintance, that she was an actress. There is a dramatic, larger than life quality about her speech, movement and gesture that surrounds her like electricity sparking round a mass.

But non-theoretical people suspicious of the kind of actress in the pages of Noel Coward and Somerset Maugham, say doubtfully, "Isn't she very intelligent for an actress?" That's the New Type actress. That's the New Type actress. That's the New Type actress.



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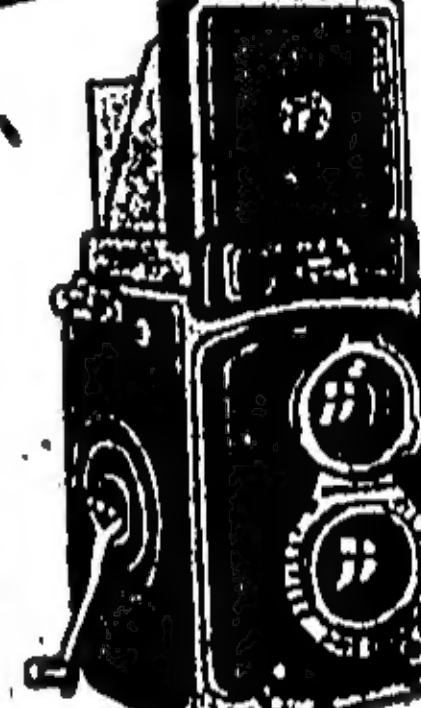
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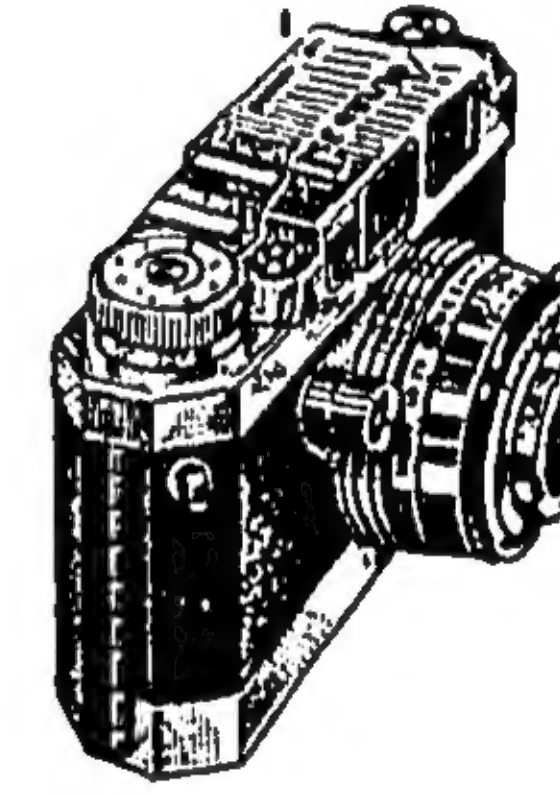
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Step back, Casanova

—here comes Signor Brazzi

WHERE women are concerned Casanova was a mere novice. Don Juan was just small-time. And Rubirosa is only a layman.

Let us not bother with such small fry. Ladies, let me introduce you (after appropriate cautioning) to the maestro—Signor Rosano Brazzi, a gentleman of 38 who has no hesitation in describing himself as a roue, a rascal and a cad.

If his conversation is somewhat Rabelaisian and his opinions of himself seem conceited, you must excuse him on the grounds that he is an Italian and that he lives in a country where the sun and the women are warmer than in England.

He is an uninhibited, roisterous character who might best be described as a male Diana Dors. With his blue eyes and made-to-measure nose, he would be a bit of a pretty boy were he not saved by the grey hair and the lines of maturity on his face.

On the screen he has become the matrons' delight. But off the screen, he intimates, he is the delight of womankind at large.

by Thomas Wiseman

I BLUSH...

According to Brazzi, no woman has ever been able to resist him if he set out to charm her. "If ever that happens," says the maestro, "then I retire and I ask the Italian Government for a pension." He adds that he can see no prospect of a State pension for a long time to come.

"Rubirosa," says Brazzi, with the lofty contempt of a master for a fledgling, "he is nothing. He is stupid. He chases after a woman, and she runs away. I blush with humiliation, to run after a woman and be not successful to catch her."

I doubt if Signor Brazzi has ever blushed in his life.

He shrugs this off with unconvincing modesty: "Well, I am not a hunchback," he says. "What do women see in me? I have never thought about it." Hollywood has fallen completely for the Brazzi line. They see in him a Bover and a Valentino rolled into one. "They pay me £100,000 plus a percentage of the profits to play in 'South Pacific'." But I am not interested really in cash. Or I could ask for any amount. I could ask for the MGM studios. They are saying about me that I am the strongest for charm-personality on the screen."

But because Signor Brazzi is not really interested in cash he is now making a film in England, "Loser Takes All," for a mere £18,000.

"You see, I am more interested in percentages," he explained. "In Italy I get 50 percent of the picture's profits. I also get big percentage of profits in all the Western Hemisphere."

NEW TREND

In America he will star opposite Grace Kelly in "Intermezzo" and opposite Jane Wyman in "Love Affair."

He says: "There is a new trend in movies now. The public is getting sick of the tough guy leading men. They are going back to the romantic hero. But this time the hero must be romantic and masculine. Women, let me tell you, they do not like to be treated too gently. They want a man to be masculine. No woman has ever slapped my face."

About women, Brazzi can talk endlessly and with the enthusiasm of an adolescent. He knows more about them than Dr. Kinsey and he does not need to like a girl to get his information. Knowledge has made him cynical.

"Women," he says, "are much harder than men. Only a man can get all twisted up by love. To a woman what matters is who he is, how much he earns, and what position he holds in the world. No woman can love for longer than 15 days. But I do not complain. They are all delightful creatures."

SEXLESS

I asked Brazzi, since he was such an authority on the subject, what three women he would take with him if he were cast away on a desert island.

"That is very difficult," he said gravely. "If one is limited to three. But I would take Katharine Hepburn. With her the sex-appeal comes from the inside. Sometimes this is good. I



would take Cyd Charisse. And I would take Marilyn Monroe, because she is so sympathetic and for other reasons also."

I expressed horror that he should have omitted from his list his compatriot, Gina Lollobrigida, and his co-star of a previous film, Ava Gardner.

"No," he said, "it is not an oversight. Ava Gardner—to me she is sexless. Lollobrigida! To me she has the sex-appeal of a waxwork. I make love to Ava Gardner on the screen. From her I get nothing. I think, maybe, she is tired. I think, maybe, she makes too much love on the screen."

You will have gathered that the Brazzi personality is fairly positive. In fact, since he was signed up to star in the Graham

Greene film, "Loser Takes All," he has imposed his personality on the script to such an extent that it is now quite different than it was when Greene wrote it.

ROMANTIC

The Brazzi role was originally intended for an Englishman and was written in the anti-romantic Graham Greene vein, but when the producers decided to get Brazzi instead of their previous choices—Trevor Howard and Edmund Purdom—the character became a romantic Italian, without more than a dozen lines of the script being altered.

"Of course if I play him, he must be romantic," says Brazzi. "I say, 'Somehow you do not strike me as a Graham Greene character. You do not have much sense of sin.'"

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One Of The World's Strangest Stories

FIFTY THOUSAND WORDS OF LOVE

By JAMES A. JONES

(Author of "Courts Day By Day")

THERE is no stone over the grave of Edith Thompson. After they had hanged her they buried her handsome body and her romantic mind in quicklime behind the walls of Holloway Prison and no cross marks the spot. But her name will not die.

A play has been written about her. Laymen and lawyers, in print and in private, still discuss her as though she held all the mysteries of an Othello.

Was it right to carry her to the scaffold? Some say "Yes." Others angrily say "No."

Let us (as Mr. Justice Shearman urged at her trial) consider the facts. In the summer of 1921 Edith Thompson, who was on holiday in the Isle of Wight with her husband, fell in love with a man called Frederick Bywaters.

Bywaters was only 29. Edith Thompson, eight years older, had a nature starving for romance. One day Edith Thompson saw Frederick Bywaters looking troubled. "What's the matter?" she asked.

"You know what the matter is," he said. "I love you."

And the tragedy had begun. What kind of people were these—the wife, the husband and the lover? The husband, as we

often happens with men who are murdered, is the most indistinct of the three. He was a clerk of 30, honest and faithful and plodding and very dull. There is really nothing else to say about him.

And Frederick Bywaters was so immature that he is shadowy, too. Good-looking in an ordinary way, with a smattering of experience from his job as a ship's steward, he remains otherwise blurred.

But Edith Thompson is vivid, because of the letters she wrote to her young lover while he was on the high seas. She was an avid reader of lush novels such as "The Garden of Allah," and she poured out something like 50,000 words of passionate, provocative and highly coloured devotion to Frederick Bywaters from her respectable but tedious home in a street at Alfred Kensington Gardens.

These letters were, to say the least of it, readable. Any novelist would have been glad to accept them. But through them, like a secret thread, ran the wish that her husband should be dead.

More than that. She talked about ways of killing. She described, rather vaguely it is true, an attempt to poison her husband's porridge, and even more vaguely an experiment in using broken glass in his food. She asked Frederick Bywaters' advice about poisons.

Drip by drip she distilled the thought of death. "Yes, darling," she wrote, "you are jealous of him—but I want you to be—he has the right by law to all that you have the right to by nature and love—yes, darling, be jealous so much that you will do something desperate."

"Come home to me, darling," she wrote, "come home and help me. It's so much worse this time."

"You will do what is best."

"Your love to me is new, it is something different, it is my life and it things go badly with us I shall always have this past year to look back upon and feel that 'Then I lived.' I never did before, I never shall again."

Frederick Bywaters, the 50,000 words of Edith Thompson's letters lovingly preserved, came home from his last voyage in September, 1922.

Stabbed in Back

JUST after midnight on October 4 Edith Thompson and her earnest, humdrum husband walked back from a visit to a theatre. Out of the shadows came Frederick Bywaters. He stabbed the husband in the back with a knife, and the husband fell dying.

Abruptly, as though by a flash of lightning, romance changed to homely words to ugly facts.

It is agreed by everybody that Edith Thompson appeared utterly horrified. She was heard to cry, "Oh, don't, oh, don't." And to the first passer-by she could find no words but, "My God—will you help me? My husband is ill—he is bleeding."

A doctor was fetched.

"Your husband is dead, madam."

"Why didn't you come sooner and save him?" cried Edith Thompson, distraught.

But it was too late; and the shadows of real life obliterated the hectic flame of the novels.

The police found Frederick Bywaters—and the letters. And Frederick Bywaters and Edith Thompson were put on trial at the Old Bailey for the murder of that blurred figure, Percy Thompson of Ilford.

Frederick Bywaters, of course, had no possible defence. He might have pleaded that the woman tempted him and he fell, but even in the shadow of the rope he did not plead it. Edith Thompson, he said in a young awkward voice, knew nothing about it. It was—self-defence.

And when the absurdity of that excuse was made plain to him he simply shuffled, and went on saying that Edith Thompson was innocent.

And Edith Thompson herself? Her counsel urged, in a court so crowded that people were offering five pounds for a seat, that all her remarks about murder were so much make-believe, that her mind was so stuffed with things like "The Garden of Allah," that she thought in fantasies, that she would have written anything to keep her young lover's love.

Had not Percy Thompson's body been examined by the doctors—even by Sir Bernard Spillbury himself? And was it not a fact that there were no traces of poison, broken glass or anything else mentioned in the letters?

'She is Innocent'

"YES," said the prosecution. "But here is a steady indictment to murder. Read the letters. She wanted her husband killed and said so. Her husband was killed. Is she not as guilty as the man who struck the blow?"

The defence argued back.

"Have you ever read more beautiful language of love?" said Sir Henry Curtis-Bennett. "Such things have seldom been put by pen upon paper. This is the woman you have to deal with, not some ordinary woman. She is one of those striking personalities who stand out from time to time who stand out for some reason or other."

Mr Justice Shearman was an austere judge, not liable to be swayed by emotion.

"By all means," he said to the jury, "look at the atmosphere and try to understand what the letters mean. But you should not forget that you are in a court of justice trying a vulgar and common crime. You are



BYWATERS: So immature that he is a shadowy figure.

not listening to a play from the stalls of a theatre."

Edith Thompson and Frederick Bywaters were found guilty and sentenced to death. They waited for death in their separate cells in separate prisons. Just before the hangman came for Frederick Bywaters he spoke to the governor.

"Do you think they will hurt her, sir?" he said. "I am always thinking of it. I wish I had never done it. I must have been mad. But I loved her so much. Please see they do not hurt her. It is my fault. She is innocent. She never did anything."

The governor said what he could. He said: "All right, my boy, we will try to save her as much pain as possible."

"Thank you, sir."

Frederick Bywaters and Edith Thompson were hanged in separate prisons at eight o'clock on the morning of January 9, 1923.

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HAS NASSER OPENED THE BACK DOOR TO MOSCOW?

By JON KIMCHE

AT the week-end Cairo's "Voice of the Arabs" broadcast, with approval, the comment of the Syrian newspaper Al-Faiha, "Egypt," it said, "has opened the door. Now, Syria, the Lebanon and free Saudi Arabia will follow Egypt's example."

On the following Monday, Soviet Ambassador Solod said in Cairo that his country was prepared to give the Arab world any help it needed—military or economic.

But while officials in London and Washington were still making up their minds about Egypt's open door, four men in Cairo were congratulating themselves on diminishing British and American influence in Egypt, in particular, and the Middle East generally.

Goodbye

They had succeeded at last in persuading Colonel Nasser, the Egyptian Premier, to do something he had resisted and feared for years. For Nasser had told friends who visited him in Cairo that if he had to embark on an arms race, it was goodbye to his social reform plans and the hope of social peace in Egypt.

He had all the time opposed his colleagues on the Military Junta who wanted to put arms expenditure above social reform. For the last two years they had maintained a compromise solution, and Nasser had been satisfied.

He was then still able to count on the support of a majority during the long debates with the right-wing extremists. In particular, the extreme leftists were with him in his claim that social reform was more important than arms.

But by the end of last year a change came over his leftist colleagues. They urged stronger measures and more violent statements against the Turkish, Iraqi, Pact proposals, they insisted that there was no room for compromise.

No figureheads

They also convinced Nasser that, despite the assurances of the American Ambassador in Cairo, it had become Anglo-American policy to isolate Nasser and even secretly encouraged those who worked against him—the Moslem Brotherhood, the Iraqis and the Israelis.

They had no need to produce secret intelligence documents to show him statements to this effect made by American diplomats, quoted in the New York Times.

At this point the background of four of Nasser's key men in the Junta assumes considerable importance.

All four, who had strong leftist sympathies and connections, were no figureheads. There was the hunky, nervous, deputy-premier, Wing Commander Gamal Salem—an avowed Marxist; there was Egypt's Chief of Intelligence, Zakaria Mohieddin; there was Wing Commander Boghady, former War Minister and now Minister for Rural Affairs, who is noted for his violent anti-British sentiments; and there was Education Minister Khaleel Edlin Hussein, who has made no secret of his strong Soviet sympathies.

Small group

As Nasser fell out with his other colleagues on the Junta, the influence and power of this small group steadily increased until by the spring of this year Nasser had become wholly dependent on them against his many opponents.

He had lost the support of the friends of General Naguib, the former President. Then he incurred the enmity of the Moslem Brotherhood and the pro-Westerns (during the Iraqi war). In the end he had to rely on the four leftists for his majority on the Junta and his influence with the army.

They bided their time. But after the conclusion of the Turkish-Iraqi Pact they began to work on Nasser.

He was being pushed into the background, they told him. Iraq was taking over the Arab leadership and was getting the arms and equipment, not Egypt. It was true.

The Israeli reprisal attack on Gaza in February could not have come more conveniently for the purpose of the Junta leftists.

Not interested

Throughout this time Soviet Ambassador Solod and Counsellor Sobolev were busy making friends with the Junta. In the end Nasser agreed and the arms agreement was concluded.

But make no mistake! The Czechs—or the Russians for that matter—are not interested in the Arab League dispute. They are interested in the open door to the Middle East.

The arms supply to Egypt (and possibly later to Syria and Saudi Arabia) and the offer of massive economic aid will make nonsense of Anglo-American policy of "filling the vacuum."

Influence will follow trade—and the Middle East today is the industrial Achilles' heel of Western Europe, including Britain. Almost the whole of the crude oil used by Britain and Western Europe—£1,000 million worth a year—comes from the Middle East.

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LIKE TO BE A SPY?

—READ ON

By J. W. TAYLOR

WITH the story of the Burgess-Maclean skip behind the Iron Curtain still in the news, quite a bestseller of its kind these days, particularly amongst youngsters, is Lieutenant-General Oreste Pinto's "Boys' Book of Secret Agents."

In it the reader, young and old, who fancies himself a likely candidate for the exciting work of spying—the Colonel, who has had 40 years' experience of espionage, has quite a lot of informative comments on the subject—posed six questions. If the reader is able to answer them in the time allowed, logically and not by guesswork, the Colonel gives some hope of a future in the work of a secret agent, although there is much more to it than that. You try:

Q. 1. The only articles found on a man fatally shot through the heart in a wood were a newspaper, spectacles, wallet, loose change, cigarettes, matches and keys on ring. Was it accident, murder or suicide? (Two minutes).

Q. 2. Falling asleep during a sermon a man dreamt he was about to be guillotined in France for murder. He was so flustered in his sleep that the person in the pew behind tapped him on the back of the neck. In his sleep the man thought it was the guillotine blade descending upon him. The shock killed him. Fact or fiction? (Two minutes).

Q. 3. Blindfold, you are to take a pair of either black or white socks from a drawer containing four socks of each colour. How many must you remove to be sure you have one complete pair? (One minute).

Q. 4. The normal head of hair contains 80,000 to 100,000 individual hairs. Are there any two people in the world with exactly the same number of hairs there? (Two minutes).

Q. 5. At 24 John is twice as old now as Fred was when John was as old as Fred is now. How old is Fred? (Five minutes). Work out logically; no guesswork.

Q. 6. Three candidates for a school's Intelligence test prize are shown five discs—two black and three white. A white disc is pinned on the backs of each without them seeing the colour of their own disc. They are told to move around and each works out logically which coloured disc is on his own back. State which candidate answered correctly and show how he worked it out. (Ten minutes).

And here are the answers:

1. It must have been murder because no gun was found by the body.

2. If the story were true, the man died in his sleep and would not have been able to tell any one about his dream, so the story cannot be true.

3. The answer is "three socks." Say that the first one removed was black. The second might be white. But the third would have to make a pair with one or other of the first two.

4. If there are eight people in a room, then at least two of them must have been born on the same day of the week. By the same analogy, as there are

more than 2,360 million people in the world, there must be several thousands with exactly the same number of hairs on the head.

5. Fred was 12 when John was Fred's present age. Fred's present age must be less than 24. John is now 24. Therefore, Fred's present age must be midway between 12 and 24—that is 18.

6. Winning candidate deliberately waits until the other two have answered. The first (A) sees a white disc on each of the other's backs. He cannot work out his colour, so says: "I don't know." The second (B) sees two white discs. He knows that if A had seen two blacks, A would at once thought his disc was white. So B realises that his own disc could be either colour and gives up.

Candidate C sees a white disc on the other's backs. He realises that if either of the others had seen two black discs, one of them would have at once known that his own disc was white. Therefore, each must have seen either a black and a white or two whites.

If C's disc was black, then B could have calculated that his own (B's) disc must be white, otherwise A would have seen two blacks. Therefore B could not have seen a black disc on C's back, so C works out correctly that his own disc must be white.

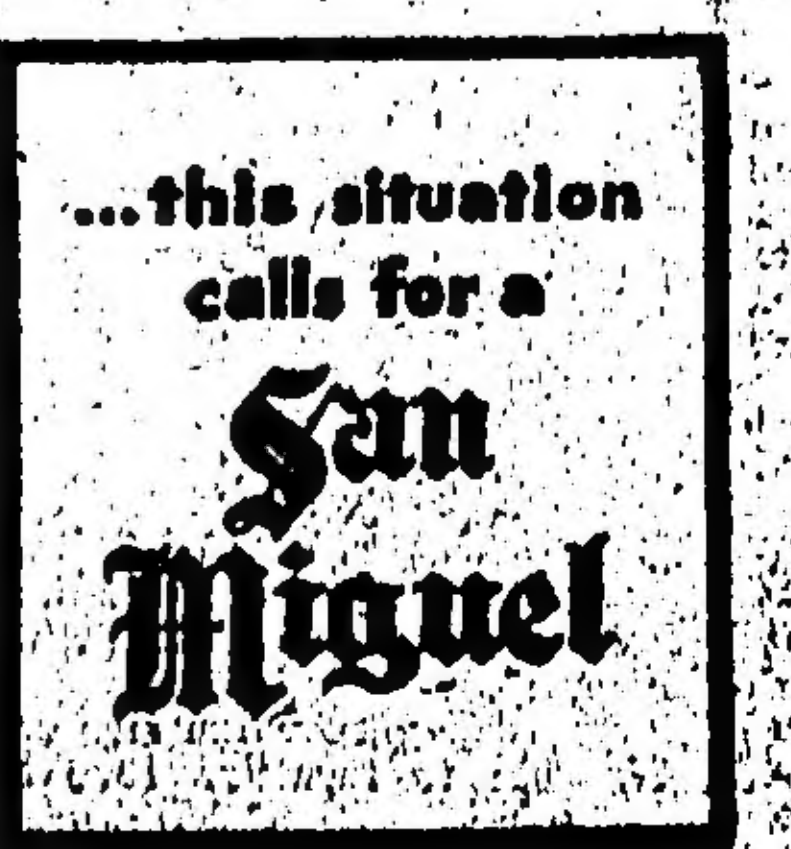
Oreste Pinto was Counter-Intelligence chief under General Eisenhower during the war in Europe. He has written about his wartime cases in the best-seller "Spy-catcher."

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JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins



WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

IN PLANNING YOUR WINTER WARDROBE, TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE NEW CASUAL LOOK



THE fun of planning a winter wardrobe is not only reserved for the woman who can afford to go to the high fashion collections or who intends to choose everything spanking new from the wholesale-designed clothes which have already reached department stores.

The woman who can see the possibilities of her current wardrobe and who intends to add just one or two well-chosen things can have even more fun.

One of those rather bulky cardigans with the hand-knit look could do wonders. London and Paris designers are even showing suits with easy-fitting cardigan jackets. Designer Digby Morton is still surprised by the tremendous applause which greeted the cardigan suits, jackets and dresses which women living in the lonely Aran islands off Ireland's west coast knitted for him.

These are knitted in the same ditches used for the sweaters worn by their men folk when fishing. They are made in the same unbleached wool, thus retaining a natural, off-white colour which is very much in today's fashion picture; retaining, too, all wool's natural oils, which make these sweaters virtually waterproof.

Even Mr Morton was not prepared for their great success. Buyers from all over the world have ordered them, so that these fishermen knits will be seen in shops from Melbourne to Montreal. For a time it looked as if Digby Morton would not be able to fulfil the orders for a bumper harvest in Ireland had taken the women into the fields. "Ask the women to hurry up with the harvest and get back to their knitting needles," he urged in a wire.

Cardigan Line

The cardigan line, casual, easy to wear, and giving that smooth, longer-waisted look, is even interpreted in Persian lamb, which England imports from South West Africa. This hard-wearing fur dresses up many collections this season. A touch of Persian lamb at collar and cuffs gives the new feminine softness to smooth little suits. It is used for big muffs to complement an otherwise plain top-coat...and enhances the new wide collars which are often detachable so that they can be taken off and used as an extra tip-off with dress or suit.

Ronald Paterson has had some of this fur dyed a deep bottle-green, and has used it for an entire suit. Even more successful is his cardigan-suit, which mixes bottle-green lambs with bottle-green wool. The casual cardigan-jacket is made in lamb and bonded with hand-knit (this also makes cuffs for the pushed-up, bracelet-length sleeves, and makes a deep, snugly-fitting hip-band) and is worn with a straight skirt.

Mrs Paterson, Canadian-born wife of the young designer, believes that women have sums up the trend here with a adopted a much more practical approach to clothes this winter. They find that the casual look, hip-band to give just a suggestion of the new mood. Most of the new winter clothes are in the virtually unstructured. This suit has a small beaver able jersey, will take them collar and buttons with bronze almost anywhere. The most buttons.

popular buy—and this applies to buyers who are choosing what women all over the world will ultimately wear as well as to private clients—is a dress and jacket ensemble, often teamed up with an extra skirt in matching wool. Women from the United States, Canada and Australia, as well as European buyers, have learnt that this new three-piece idea makes an ideal portmanteau wardrobe.

Mrs Paterson added that women were ordering these inter-changeable three-pieces in almost every kind of wool—from the softer-surfaced wools and jerseys to tweeds. The bolder tweeds, woven in a striking "mudby" weave, are as popular as the more discreet Shetlands and Cheviots.

Bronze Theme

The bronze theme runs through John Cavanagh's collection and illustrates just how versatile British woolen manufacturers can be when it comes to obtaining a new and subtle colour effect.

Most of the Cavanagh suits, dresses and topcoats look bronze—but each pattern, whether it is interpreted in tweed, diagonally-woven wool or jersey, is different.

His best-seller—a three-quarter length tunic jacket worn over a very slender dress—is made in a smooth tweed specially woven by Otterburn Mills. This mix grey, beige and brown, but the all over effect is of a soft bronze tweed.

This designer has found that women are asking for suits, especially softly-tailored suits which introduce new touches in collar and cuff treatment. The new Cavanagh suits, for instance, all have cuffs and lapels, and do away with the necessity for wearing a blouse.

These suits which will be featured by department stores in a number of countries are all interpreted in wools which give the Cavanagh bronze note. Otterburn has also woven a charcoal and brown mixture tweed. This is used for a suit with a jacket that fits smoothly in front but kicks out behind into a double box-pleated panel. It has high, smooth revers and a bronze rose is pinned on just below the collar bone. Another Cavanagh suit—with high lapels and little cuffs made of black Persian lamb—has been ordered in two different British wools. One is a coffee-and-black mixture tweed; the other is an elegant black and brown herringbone wool.

Different Touches

These little touches of difference in cuff and collar treatment are something to look out for. Michael, for instance, shows a sleek little suit, with which the collar widens out on to the shoulders. There's a new here in the pockets, which are emphasised by a knot and ends tying across the pocket front. The material is a very fine flannel woven in two tones of blue and brown that give an effect like a mottled bird's egg.

This flannel has been most knitted in heavy wool. Herringbone weaves are excellent, too. Digby Morton believes that women have sums up the trend here with a adopted a much more practical approach to clothes this winter. They find that the casual look, hip-band to give just a suggestion of the new mood. Most of the new winter clothes are in the virtually unstructured. This suit has a small beaver able jersey, will take them collar and buttons with bronze almost anywhere. The most buttons.

From left to right: 1. The always popular fitted coat, made in a dark charcoal-black basket-weave wool. This is one of the best-sellers in Ronald Paterson's collection. 2. The popular suit which suggests, rather than establishes, a lower waistline. Designer Digby Morton cites this suit—in grey and black herringbone wool—as typical of the new mood. 3. The jacket is belted with beaver and fastens with bronze buttons. 4. Beltless and fitting (this dress is finished with an extra-long zipper at back). Michael's late afternoon frock has all the qualities which women are demanding this winter. The fabric is a supple black wool crepe and the picture-frame neckline is softened with black velvet bows which are extended to make narrow panels, inset to build up the new vertical line. 4, 5. The tunic line modified so that it can be also worn by the shorter woman, is represented by John Cavanagh's two-piece, which is one of the most often chosen numbers in his collection. The tunic-jacket is made of Otterburn tweed, specially woven in tones of grey, beige and brown to give an all-over bronze colour. The dress, in matching tweed, is teamed to streamline it into this designer's new slinky silhouette.

The coat story that has emerged from the winter collections gives women plenty of latitude in their choice. First there is the belted, enveloping coat made in one of the soft wools. These coats are going overseas and most tend to combine a straight back with side or front movement. Next comes the redingote. There is plenty of evidence from buyers' orders to show that it isn't only the British woman who thinks that a fitting coat best shows off a pretty figure.

We have sketched Ronald Paterson's best-selling coat—a fitted, belted redingote made in black wool. This line gives full value to the fabric, which, woven in a small basket weave, has a glow which gets right away from too-sterile black.

Unbelted Coat

The alternative best-seller here is a straight, unbelted coat, with long jacket front which can be flipped open to show a contrast lining and inner vest. Women love this coat, Mrs Paterson says, because the long jacket front gives extra warmth. Her husband has already made it in grey and white caviar in tweed (proving her point that subtly tweeds are still in demand), with lining and long inner jacket made of pale-blue velvet, and in brown and black.



Fastened for autumn-winter 1955-56, this suit is called "Folding" by John Cavanagh. It consists of a green jersey tunic with a matching belt and black satin pants. — Agence France-Press.

NEWS IN SHOES

REAL CINDERELLA SLIPPERS AND DOUBLE HEELS

London. HEELS make foot news this winter.

Cinderella's slipper has become a delightful reality with the introduction of perspex heels to match the already established transparent vinylite vamp treatments. Mr Edward Rayne, the Queen's shoemaker, calls his, "Dorinda"—a vinylite "glass slipper" mule with spring-o-lator insole and a transparent perspex heel, studded with diamonds.

Variations of the glass slipper effect come in a white satin, jewel-trimmed evening sandal and a vinylite vamp sandal with a large bow on top of the foot, both with tall, slim perspex heels.

Or should you prefer to "walk down" there is an evening sandal in stardust pink and blue kid with two heels on each shoe. One heel is covered in pink kid and the other in pale blue, and the open-toe vamp is trimmed with a bobble of sequins and pearls.

A spring-o-lator insole ensures that this Cinderella at any rate will not lose her slipper. Heels this season are slimmer, spikier and higher than ever—anything up to 4½ inches. Even with only medium height, the much slimmer line of the heel gives the shoes a new smartness.

Asked to comment on the present popularity of high heels, Mr Rayne replied: "I'll tell you a story. There was, they say, a pretty little girl who complained that she was tired of being teased on the forehead. So the shoemakers decided to make her happy ever after!"

For those who rate comfort above chic and have no personal height troubles, there is also a wide choice of illusion and baby Louis heels, as well as a new, slim Louis wedge which is described by the trade as "giving full support, yet is light and shapely."

Mr Rayne has introduced into his new Casual Collection an entirely new "cette" in a baby Louis heel. Obtainable in suede or calf, this shoe sells for about half the price of its usual street models.

With the court still the basic shape, toes are tending to become more pointed and, looms in towards the spring, there is a trend among some of the mass-production manufacturers to cut the throat square.

NOVEL GRAINED LEATHERS

On closed back models bows are sometimes found on the heel. Mr Rayne has a novel treatment in a cut-out at the centre back, outlined with jewels.

More news comes in the fabrics used. Mr Rayne is using new grained leathers, such as corkette; and lustre finishes in calf-knit; printed effects on leather; and, for the evening, a now starlight fabric with a glittering non-tarnishable Lurex thread.

The latter, used for either an open-toe court or a sling-back sandal with jewel trim, can be dyed in any colour to match the dress with which they are to be worn.

Very new—and smart—is the Doodle Print patent used for an open-toe court with the highest, thinnest heel, or a sling-back sandal with a high slim heel and wide open toe.

The big story in fabrics, however, is still almost in the future—in the new fabric designs on leather. Mr Rayne has one series for the coming season which looks for the world like a plaid tweed. Printed on calfskin, it can be cleaned like an ordinary shoe, does not "wash off" with the wet, or wear off. Featuring it in his new Collection is an elegant, slim-toed court shoe with heel and tab in plain calf. It is at present available in grey, rust or brown, and there are plaid bags and gloves to match.

Although the designs at present available are limited, Mr Rayne predicts a great future for this tweed printed leather and increased use of it next spring and summer.

POPULAR COUTURE COLOURS

With the overwhelming predominance of black in the couturier's autumn and winter collections, it is natural that black should be at the top of the shoe accessories. Mr Rayne, for example, used black velvet bows and black velvet ribbon threaded through a calf-skin court in Tamarack brown, black lustre or Antoinette green.

Parallel with the couture trend, too, the brown-to-beige range of colours is growing steadily in popularity. In this range, Mr Rayne's new colours are: Cocuswood, Tamarack (which he describes as "the perfect accessory colour to furs") and Baywood.

To these the mass-production manufacturers add: chocolate, saddle tan, mushroom and coffee. But, they predict, the turn of the season will switch the emphasis to more summery colours—pastel shades of pink, blue, green, lilac, yellow and beige, together with a more vivid hue which they call pink tile—China Mail Special.



An original seal skin coat with side slit and two wide belts at the back. It is from Paris. — Agence France-Press.

Which Are The Best Years Of A Woman's Life?

By EILEEN ASCROFT

WHICH are those best years? Undoubtedly the years when we shed some of our responsibilities and have more leisure to devote to ourselves. I would say the years between 20 and 25 and 50 and 55 are the happiest—and the most interesting.

At 20, examinations and school-days lie behind, restrictions of childhood no longer apply. The awkwardness of adolescence is over, and career decisions. These are the years when a girl develops her own dress sense and experiments with her appearance and personality.

She is free to choose her friends without parental interference. She has a boy friend without being heavily chaperoned. She is free to fall in love when she feels inclined. However small her first income, she is free to spend it as she wishes. She is free to travel. She is free to break away from the annual family holiday and go off to the Continent with a girl friend she may meet with her parents in her appearance most important.

maternal cautions, but not refusal. Few troubles mar these five perfect years. There's the fun of falling in love, of getting married, and home building before the responsibility of a young family begins.

These are the years, too, of natural, fresh beauty, of slim lines, which require no diets and good health. Says 24-year-old Shirley Abicair: "These were definitely my best years for because I achieved something worth-while through my own efforts. I also achieved a flat and kitchen of my own, a dog and a car and my first Press notice."

ANOTHER FIVE At 30 another five-year spell begins. Young families are sweeping up and settling. Kindness and the woman who has brought them up has to sit back and think of herself. There is more opportunity now to establish a career. To start new sports or hobbies. To travel. To return to education and the knowledge of a successful career is not the only thing that matters. One's personal life is of paramount importance.

and, with school bills over, there's more money in the family kitty for clothes, cosmetics, hair and beauty treatments and massage.

"My today is a wonderful age," says Mrs Hugh McCone, who is better known as actress Barbara Cartland. "At 31 I have learned three things," she says. "Wisdom to know that being busy and unselfish is the only way to enjoy life. Appreciation of what is of real importance—the companionship of one's husband, the love of one's children and a united happy family life. Gratitude for the mere fact of being alive."

Here's another woman in her early thirties who can say: "These are the best years of my life." She's writer Denise Robins, and her very best reason is "the enormous joy of the company of my grandchildren and the responsibility of bringing them up."

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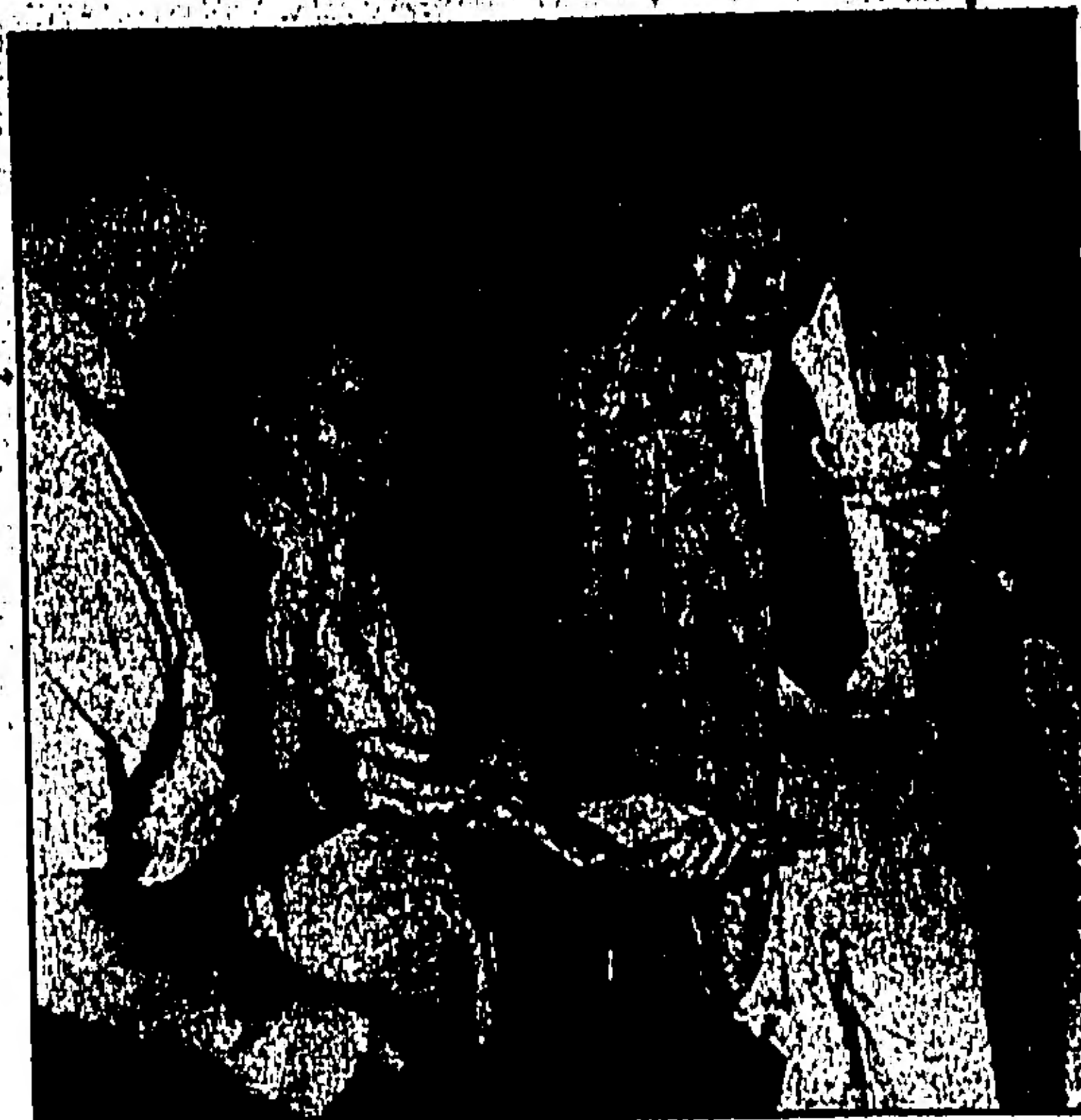
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HAPPY group outside St John's Cathedral after the wedding last Saturday of Mr Nigel Taylor and Miss Yvonne Jean De Ville. (Staff Photographer)



SAYING happy birthday to the well-known twin sisters, the Misses Alleen and Doris Woods, at Radio Hongkong. They celebrated their sixty-ninth birthday last Tuesday. From left: Mr R. G. Dunlop, Miss Alleen Woods, Mr W. A. Whiting, Mr David John Lytle and Miss Doris Woods. (Staff Photographer)



PROFESSOR Michael Head, visiting examiner of the Royal School of Music, looks at his autograph which he wrote for his pupil, Mrs Esther Young, in 1934. Scene was a reception for Mr Head at the Education Department. On the left is Mr Donald Fraser. (Staff Photographer)

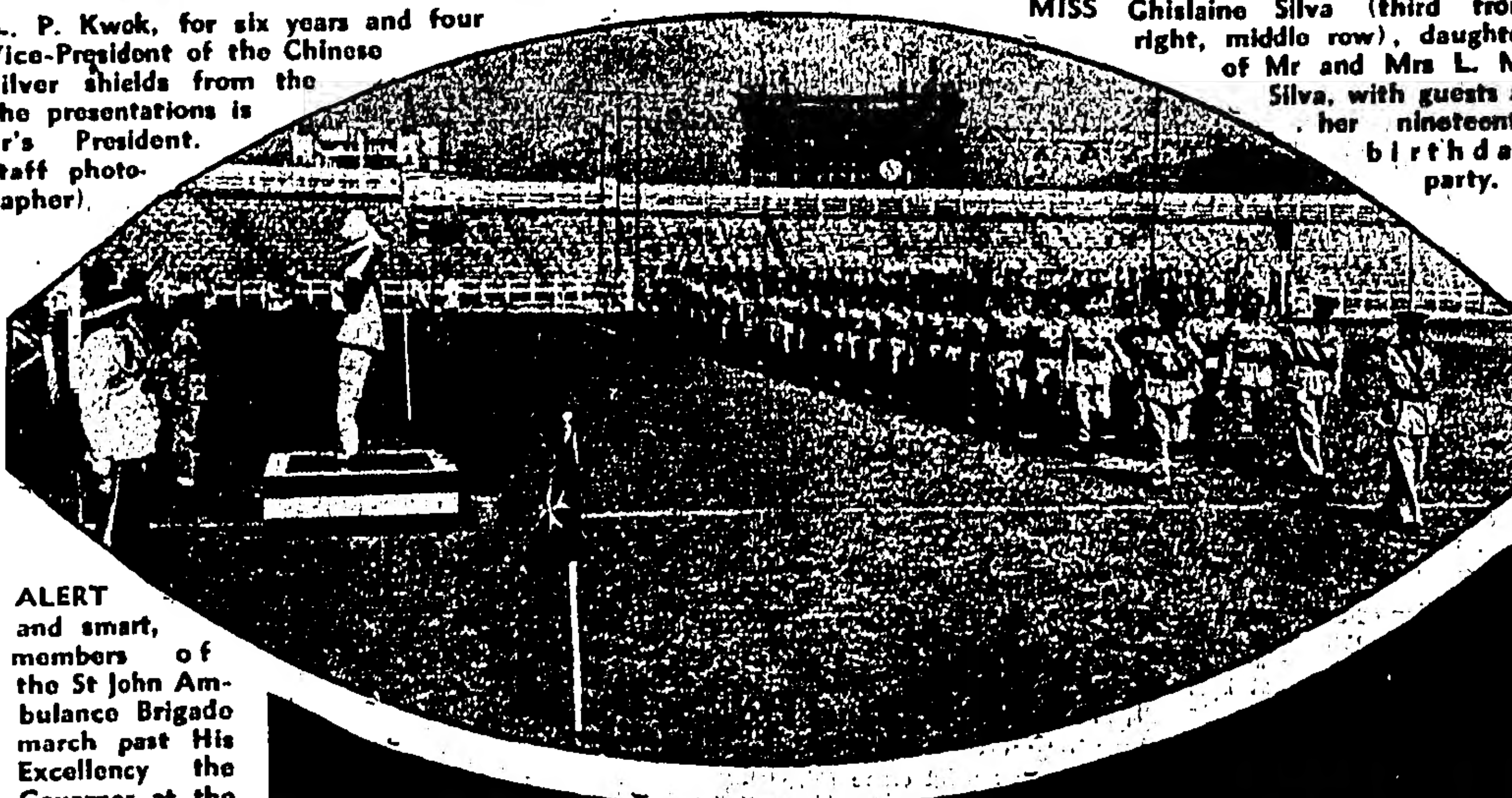


THE Hon. Kwok Chan and Mr L. P. Kwok, for six years and four years respectively President and Vice-President of the Chinese Football Association, received silver shields from the Association last week. Making the presentations is Mr Leslie Loucy, this year's President. (Staff photographer)



MISS Ghislaine Silva (third from right, middle row), daughter of Mr and Mrs L. M. Silva, with guests at her nineteenth birthday party.

BELOW: Mr and Mrs L. Lowe cutting the cake at the party following the christening of their daughter, Corinne. The christening took place at Christ Church last Sunday. (Mainland)



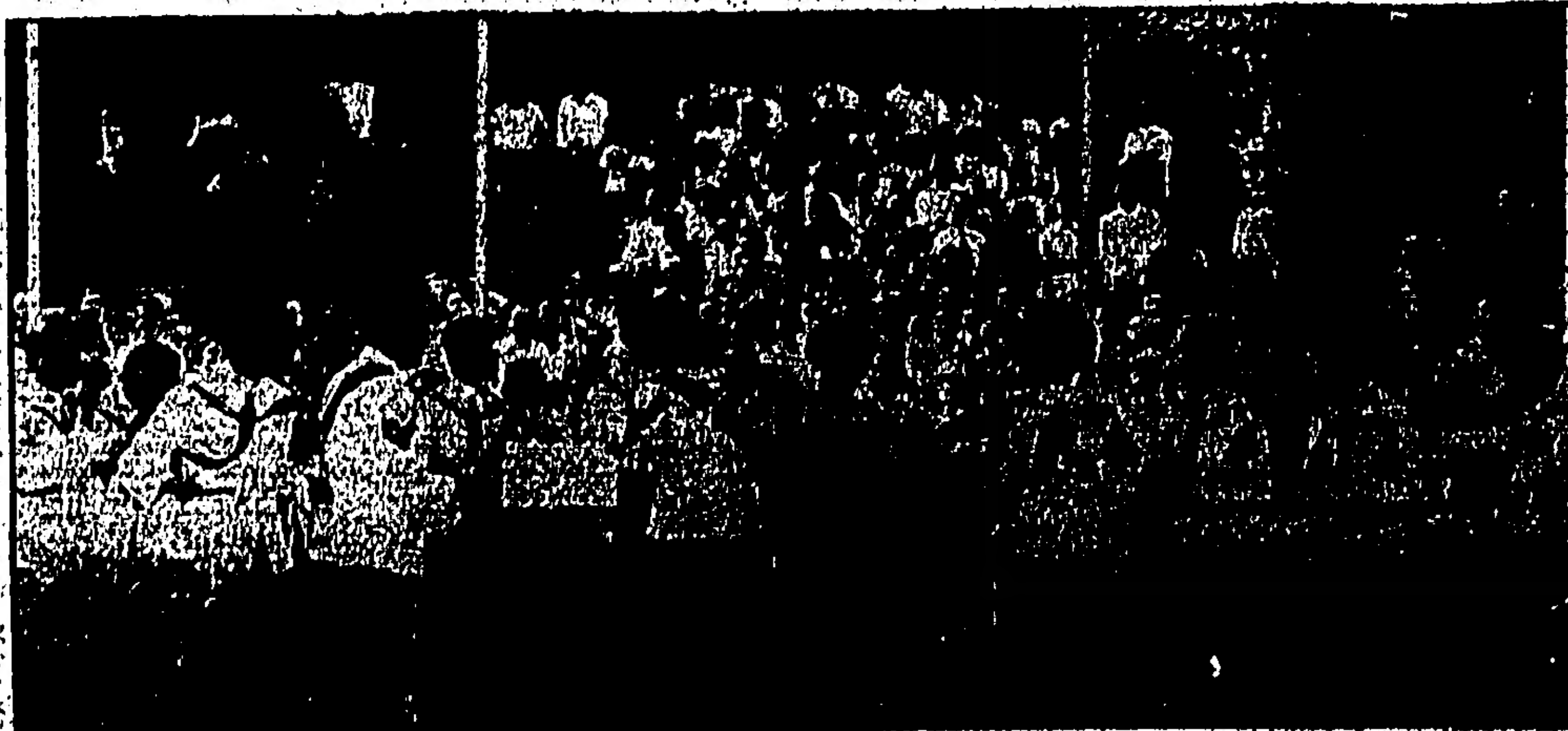
ALERT and smart, members of the St John Ambulance Brigade march past His Excellency the Governor at the annual inspection at Caroline Hill. (Staff Photographer)



MR Li Po-chun, son of the founder of the Li Sing School, speaking at the annual prizegiving on Monday. Mrs Li Po-chun (right) distributed the prizes. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: A pretty miss tests her marksmanship at the Heep Yunn School bazaar. The bazaar was to raise funds for the new school chapel. (Staff Photographer)



THERE were hundreds of enthusiastic listeners at the Botanical Gardens last Sunday morning when the Band of the Hongkong Regiment gave a jazz concert for the public. Miss Kong Ling supplied the vocals. (Staff Photographer)

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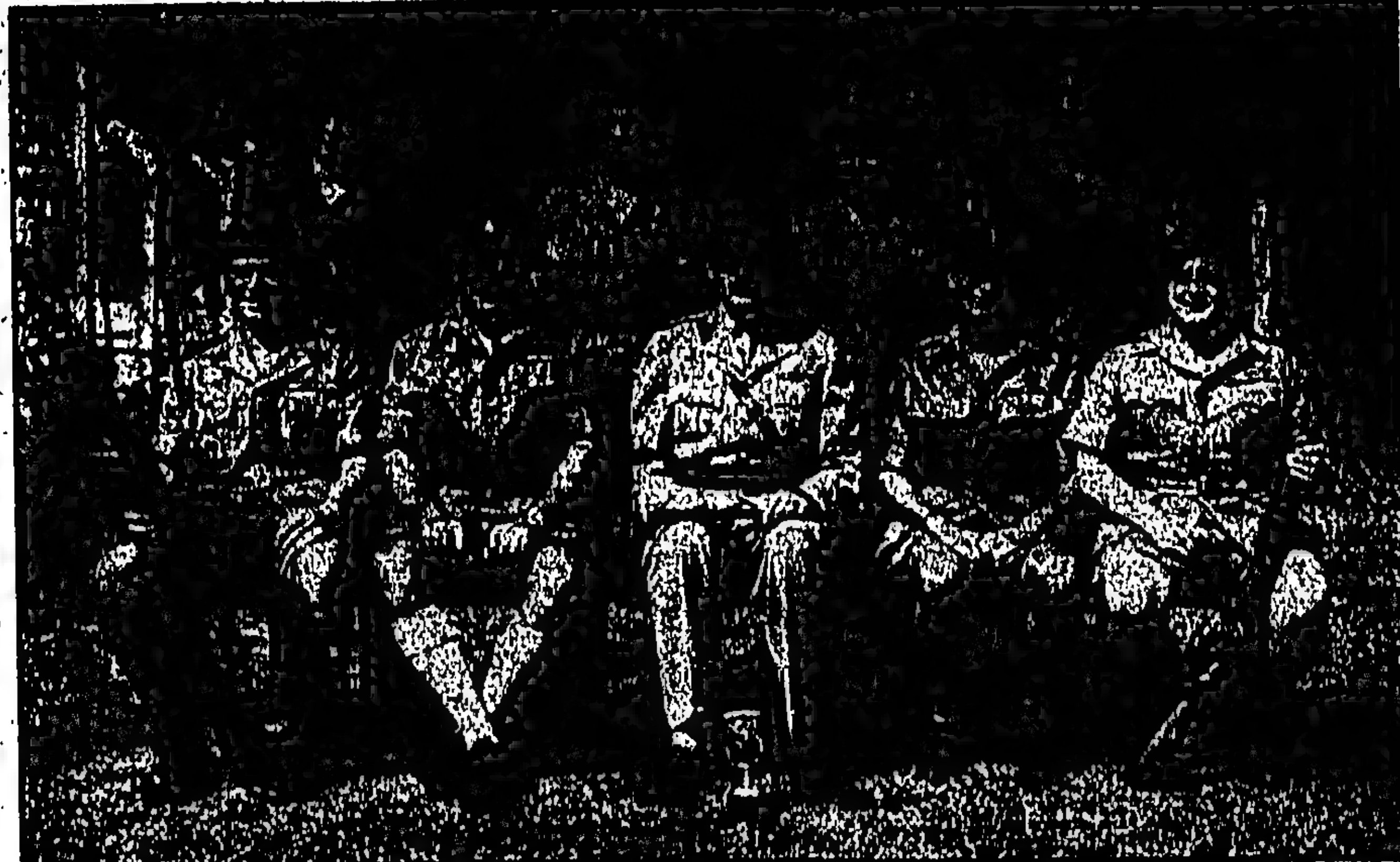
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MR R. K. Nehru, India's new Ambassador to Peking, talking to reporters at Kai Tai Airport after his arrival on Wednesday. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: The Countess of Limerick, Vice-Chairman of the British Red Cross Society, arrived on Wednesday from Peking, where she returned a visit made to Britain last year by Chinese Red Cross delegates. She is seen with Mr. H. Monxies and Mrs. Dhun Ruttonjee at a reception in her honour. (Staff Photographer)



THE 6th Composite Ordnance Depot team, winners of the Army Small Bore Rifle League, photographed with Brigadier L. N. Cholmeley (seated in centre), who presented the trophy and individual awards last Tuesday. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Mr J. M. Wong, who celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday on Tuesday, toasted by his children, grandchildren and relations at the birthday party held at the Kowloon Tong Club.



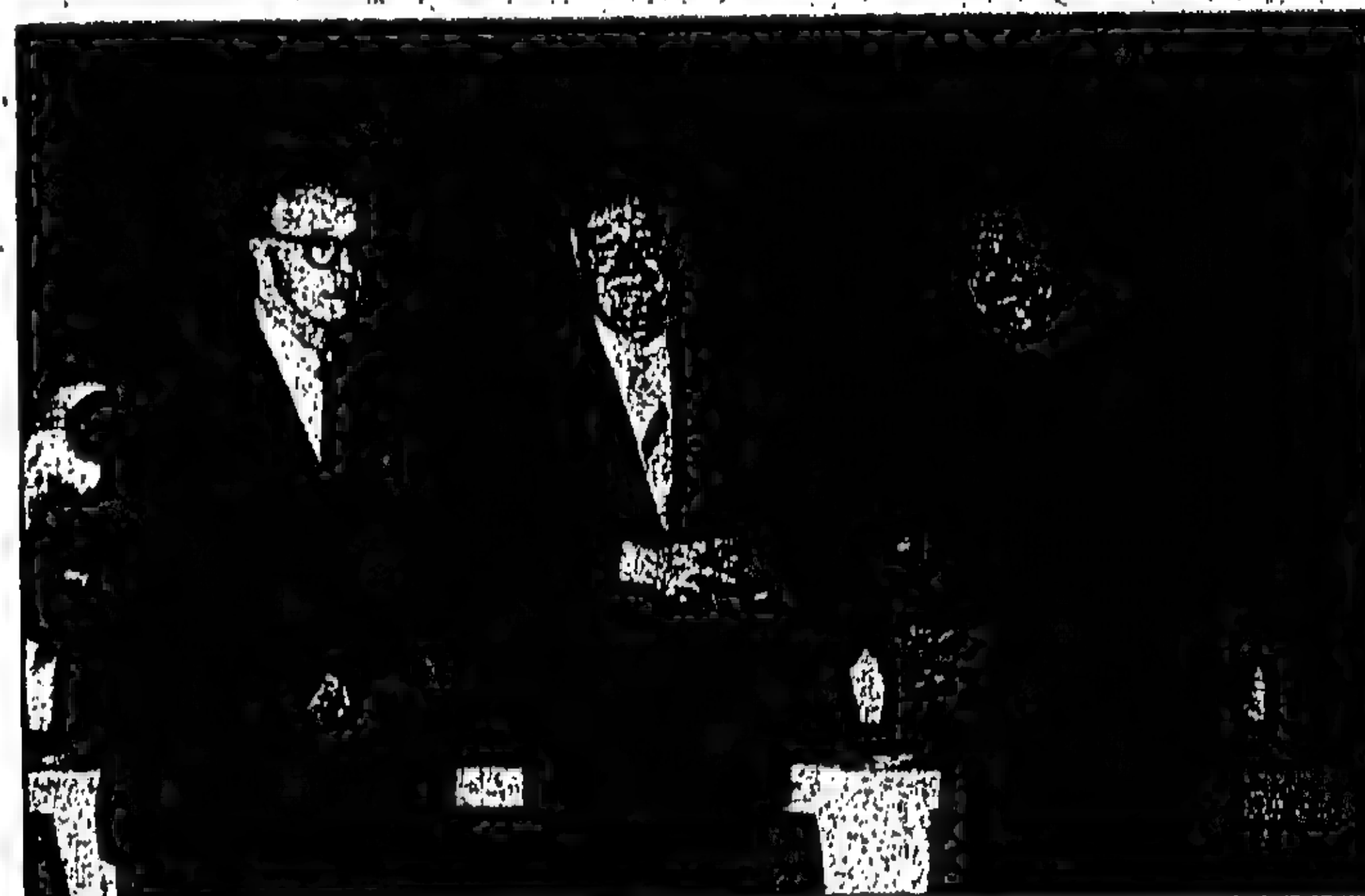
RIGHT: Friends of Mr and Mrs Murray Todd at the christening of their son, Stephen Roger Murray Todd, at St John's Cathedral last Saturday. (Roy Tsang)



HIS Excellency the Governor and Lady Grantham being shown around the Queen Elizabeth School in Kowloon after its official opening on Monday. (Staff Photographer)



LT-COL Stewart Carter, former Commanding Officer of the Hongkong Regiment, was seen off by a large number of friends aboard the liner Carthage last week. He has been appointed Head of the British Military Mission to King Idris of Libya. With him in picture above are Captain and Mrs Francis Quah. (Staff Photographer)



SIR Ralph Enfield (left), United Kingdom delegate to the Food and Agricultural Organisation Council, seen at Wednesday's United Nations Association luncheon with Mr G. E. Marden, Hon. President of the Association, and Mr Ma Man-fai, Vice-Chairman. (Staff Photographer)

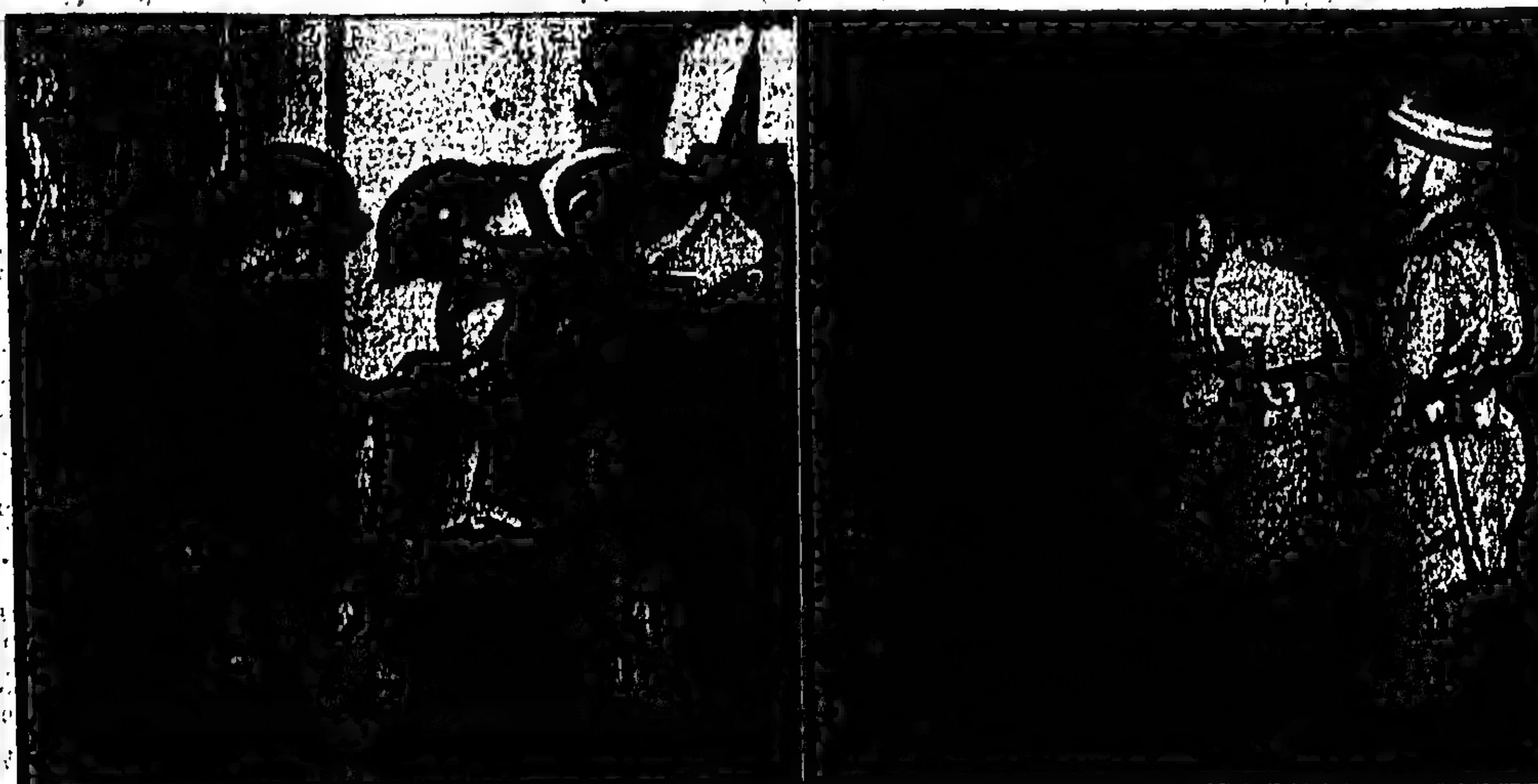
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WARDENS of the Civil Aid Services and Auxiliary Fire Service busy at work during the special exercise "Upper Cat," on Tuesday night. The exercise covered the Upper Levels, and several incidents were dealt with. (Staff Photographer)

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"POOH, WHO BELIEVES IN SANTA CLAUS?"

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VENUS IS NOW A GRANDMA

By HENRY ALEHURST

ESTELLE, a three-year-old Jersey cow grazing contentedly in the depths of a remote valley off the Holyhead Road, Salop, must be thankful in a way that after a fine summer the autumn days with their winter's nip in the air have arrived to give her a little more privacy from the public gaze—some of it quite film-stillish—which beat down on her ever since it leaked out that she is directly linked with a wartime exploit which put the Scarlet Pimpernel in the shade.

Her earliest fans have been local roadmen, AA and RAC scouts and policemen who patrol the Holyhead Road, and they it was who spilled the beans about her origin and insisted on pointing her out to holiday-makers, hikers and motorists. Naturally they all flocked to see her just when the girl was busy chewing the cud for a living.

It appears that Estelle would not be there for anybody to see but for the fact that her bovine grandmother, a valuable pedigree beast in calf to an aristocratic bull, was abducted by a daring group of Intelligence agents under cover of darkness from the German-occupied Channel Islands.

Yes, you clairvoyants and readers of modern fiction have guessed it—Estelle's gran, Stella, was heroine of a wartime adventure in "Appointment with Venus" which the novel's publisher turned into a film. And it is a fact that this highly original plot was actually founded on fact, as Estelle's very existence proves.

It seems that locally the story came out when Jack Roberts, who keeps tidy Telford's road near to Whittington, took the misgum to see this film at the local cinema.

A KNOWING NOD

Says Jack: "When the lights went up a herdman who was next to me gave a knowing nod and said: 'That happened. British Secret Service men smuggled the cow out under the very noses of the Jerries. The cow was valuable for keeping British pedigree stock going, for she was in calf.'"

He went on to say that the calf was of a special strain, which was the result of many anxious years of careful breeding experiments. If it had been lost, if the Germans had kept it, then British breeding would have suffered a serious setback.

And the herdman let it be known that "up at the Lloyds farm" was Estelle, a granddaughter of the film's heroine.

Her owners are Mr and Mrs George Lloyd, of the Old Hall, Old Marton, near Whittington, Salop, who proudly confirm the romance of Estelle's origin. Says Mrs Lloyd: "All the film characters were fictitious, but Venus was Stella, owned by a major at the War Office, and it was in calf to his pedigree bull, Mans, which had been killed by stepping on a land mine. 'Operation Venus' saved a fine strain of cows."

Hearing Estelle wasn't easy. For one critical period in her adventurous life she lived in the staid room of the Lloyds' black and white beamed and plastered residence, the Old Hall, built in 1558, the year of the accession to the Throne of the first Elizabeth and topped like an "E" with an entrance door which has 180 metal studs in it and weighs a hundredweight.

Let Mrs Lloyd explain: "The strain of the herd is so valuable that when the helper calf, Estelle, caught pneumonia some time after she was born, her condition became critical. Well, if Intelligence agents could risk their lives in war to penetrate into an island occupied by the Germans and smuggle out Stella, I thought could give special treatment to the latest of the line."

EGGS AND BRANDY

So Mrs Lloyd nursed Estelle before the blazing fire in the sitting room for 12 weeks, feeding her on eggs and brandy until she recovered.

Some important people have been put up at the Old Hall over the years, but not more remarkable than the Jersey calf with pneumonia. And it has all been well worth while, for the Lloyds have a herd of dairy Shorthorns of a tested stock as a result—Estelle among them.

Estelle is a big snooty three days, for somewhere around the paddock is the latest of the line—Estelle's creamy, brown heifer calf, Dawn Star, born last July.

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FROM DREAMS ROSE THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

By SIR BEVERLEY BAXTER, M.P.

AT what hour of the day or night does inspiration come to a man? That, I confess, is a rhetorical question but it permits me to quote those pleasing lines of Herbert Trench:

She comes not when Noon
Is on the waxes
Too bright is Day
She comes not in the Soul
Till it is quiet
From work and play
But when night is on the
hills, and the great voices
Roll in from the Sea
By starlight and by candle-
light and moonlight
She comes to me

Personally, I think that "dreamlight" is overlooking it a bit but we shall let that pass.

No one knows at what hour of the day or night Rudolf Bing brought the idea of an Edinburgh Festival to practical form. It is a gentle creature who dreams dreams, and then carries them into effect relentlessly and even ruthlessly.

He is an Austrian-born British subject who has managed the Metropolitan Opera in New York for years, but at intervals to soothe his nerves he comes back to Glyndebourne, where you can wander through lovely gardens, drink champagne in the moonlight and listen to Mozart operas in a small, charming theatre.

Previous to going to New York he was the General Manager of Glyndebourne, and it was in those lovely surroundings that he first conceived the idea of the Edinburgh Festival.

WELCOMED

The idea was warmly welcomed by the Lord Provost, which is what the Lord Mayor is called up there. The Hitler war had not long since come to an end, and the Scots were feeling their way towards a civilised expression of the human soul.

Bing asked for an initial capital fund of £6,000 and it was subscribed immediately. The British Council (financed by the British taxpayer) promised an annual grant. So did the Corporation of the City of Edinburgh as well as a number of Scottish industrialists.

So far the story is no different from that of any other Festival. It was the same in Canada's Stratford, when a young man with wild eyes and soft voice decided to challenge the monopoly of the other Stratford in England. The peacock dream is the inevitable prelude to miracles.

But what amenities could the ancient capital provide for a Festival of the Arts? There were three good-sized theatres and three large halls. In addition there was the splendid Assembly Hall of the Church of Scotland, with its apron stage and abundant seating space. Providing the standard was high, the church authorities saw no reason why the apron stage should not be used for concerts or plays of ideas.

Then there was the Royal Scottish Academy of Art with its splendid gallery. In fact Edinburgh was ready for almost anything that Bing wanted.

ATTRACTIONS

Nor did the sponsors forget or minimise the historic attractions of Auld Reekie itself. High up on one of the Seven Hills is the castle where Mary, Queen of Scots, brought romance and death. Who can stand on its battlements and look out to the waters of the Forth, yet be unmoved?

And what of the forecourt of the Palace of Holyrood House, where on the closing day of the first Festival Sir Thomas Beecham conducted his orchestra while fireworks went off in all directions? There is no record that Beecham himself exploded on this occasion, which shows how pagantry can tame the most turbulent temperament.

And what a splendid thing it is to visit a capital city where the dominating statue on its main thoroughfare is that of Sir Walter Scott brooding over his last book or his next. In London we have so many generals on horseback that Shakespeare is relegated to a tiny space in Leicester Square, just a few feet from the public lavatory. But, of course, the English have an inordinate love of horses.

Another attraction that Edinburgh offered was the national costume of the kilt. There is no country in the world that has produced anything so effective as the full regalia of a Scottish clansman. This is of some personal importance to me because, a couple of years ago, I was made a Macmillan clansman. I have not yet had the courage to appear publicly in bare knees.

TRIUMPH

But to return to the progress of the Festival from an idea to a triumph. A strong factor in its favour was that after the war the British were allowed practically no money for holiday travel abroad. We had been marooned on our island for the duration of the war, and it looked as if we would be further marooned for the duration of the peace.

Thus the Edinburgh Festival offered us a chance to escape, and an opportunity of hearing a tongue different from our own. And, of course, the Americans who also could not travel to the Old World in the war were arriving in great numbers.

So there came the opening day Bing's dream had come true and the curtain was going up. Mayors and Burgomeisters of foreign cities arrived in droves. Royalty was there, and everything was set for triumph. The gamble had come off.

I trust not to offend any Scottish susceptibilities by stating that there were some citizens of Edinburgh whose minds were not solely occupied with the artistic side of the Festival. The hoteliers' boarding house proprietors, and particularly the shopkeepers—to say nothing of the street cars, motor car hire services, and taxi drivers—were right on the job.

The Festival, as such, of course would lose money. For instance, it cost £50,000 to bring the New York Symphony-Philharmonic Orchestra across the Atlantic, and the Guarantee Fund had to come to the rescue.

To descend from the artistic to the practical, the Edinburgh Festival carried 600,000 extra passengers during the Festival last year. The increased revenue for the period was £5,000. I am informed that if every visitor made only one tram journey at tuppence, the increase would top £20,000.

UNPREDICTABLE

And then there is the unpredictable matter of the weather. Built like Athens on seven hills, Edinburgh can enjoy all four seasons in the space of a day and a night. As no woman in history has ever gone abroad with suitable clothes for a changeable climate, the dress shops in Edinburgh are packed with female shoppers making up their sartorial deficits.

Raincoats are in continuous demand, but when the sun shines the women visitors find that they are as unprepared for hot weather as they were for cold. I know this to be because I took my wife there this year. In fairness, I must admit to purchasing a thick overcoat for myself in Princes Street—but how did we know that in Scotland the temperature can drop as sharply as a mining share on the stock market?

The good hotels in Edinburgh are very good indeed, and they charge accordingly. We had quite a nice lunch one day, and a bottle of wine, and the bill was four pounds ten shillings. For a moment we rather lost the Festival spirit.

Who else prospered? The overnight sleeping berth artists, to say nothing of the local artists, who could be swayed in any direction. But instead of saving the dead Caesar's reputation because

list of passengers, and addresses each one by his or her name. A cup of tea before retiring? Certainly, Mr Smith. And a cup of tea with biscuits in the morning? Certainly, Mrs Jones.

And since the foreign visitors have to travel by train, motor car, ship or airways, so the British economy is strengthened and foreign goodwill is promoted.

However, it would be wrong to suggest that the financial side is unimportant in the minds of the Festival promoters. They have never lost sight of Bing's original idea that the Festival was to concern itself primarily with the Arts. Thus last year the Sadler's Wells Ballet, which is almost the best in the world, gave a season there. This year the Danish National Ballet came and were supremely good. In addition, the French Theatre sent some of its outstanding stars in a repertory of plays.

DYNAMIC

Add to this the Ballet des Champs Elysees, the Old Vic Theatre Company, the Japanese Kabuki Dancers, and the foremost orchestral conductors of the world—and you will realise how firmly the plan has been carried out and how happy is the future.

In fact, the Old Vic Company was playing when we were there this summer and, having temporarily resumed dramatic criticism in London, I thought it would do no harm to have a look at "Julius Caesar" before he came to London.

The grim old play proceeded on conventional lines, soundly acted and well staged. I must say, however, that there was a terrible spilling of tomato ketchup over Caesar's face when he was assassinated. Shakespeare's words are gory enough without such adventures.

When he turned away, pretending to weep, the expression of his face was ironic and contemptuous. In fact, the bloody fellow was having a grand time at the expense of the mugs.

PROPHECY

The next week the production came to the Old Vic in London, and even the critics went mad over this new and different Antony. Hollywood sat up and took notice. On every side came the prophecy: "This is the inevitable successor to John Gielgud."

Who is this physical and intellectual aristocrat. What is his background? He went to a council school, and to the eternal credit of the local councilors they gave the boy a grant to study at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. In the war he joined the Navy as an able-bodied seaman and came out of it with the same rank. But the Navy, with commendable sensibility, gave him a grant which enabled him to play with a provincial Old Vic Company.

He is married with two children of his own, plus an adopted coloured boy, who will presumably grow up to play Othello. His father is a bus driver.

Strictly speaking, the sensational rise of John Neville has nothing to do with the Edinburgh Festival except that the Festival is big news, and when some playwright or actor or dancer or a symphony conductor scores a success there it has an immediate repercussion in London.

LARGESSE

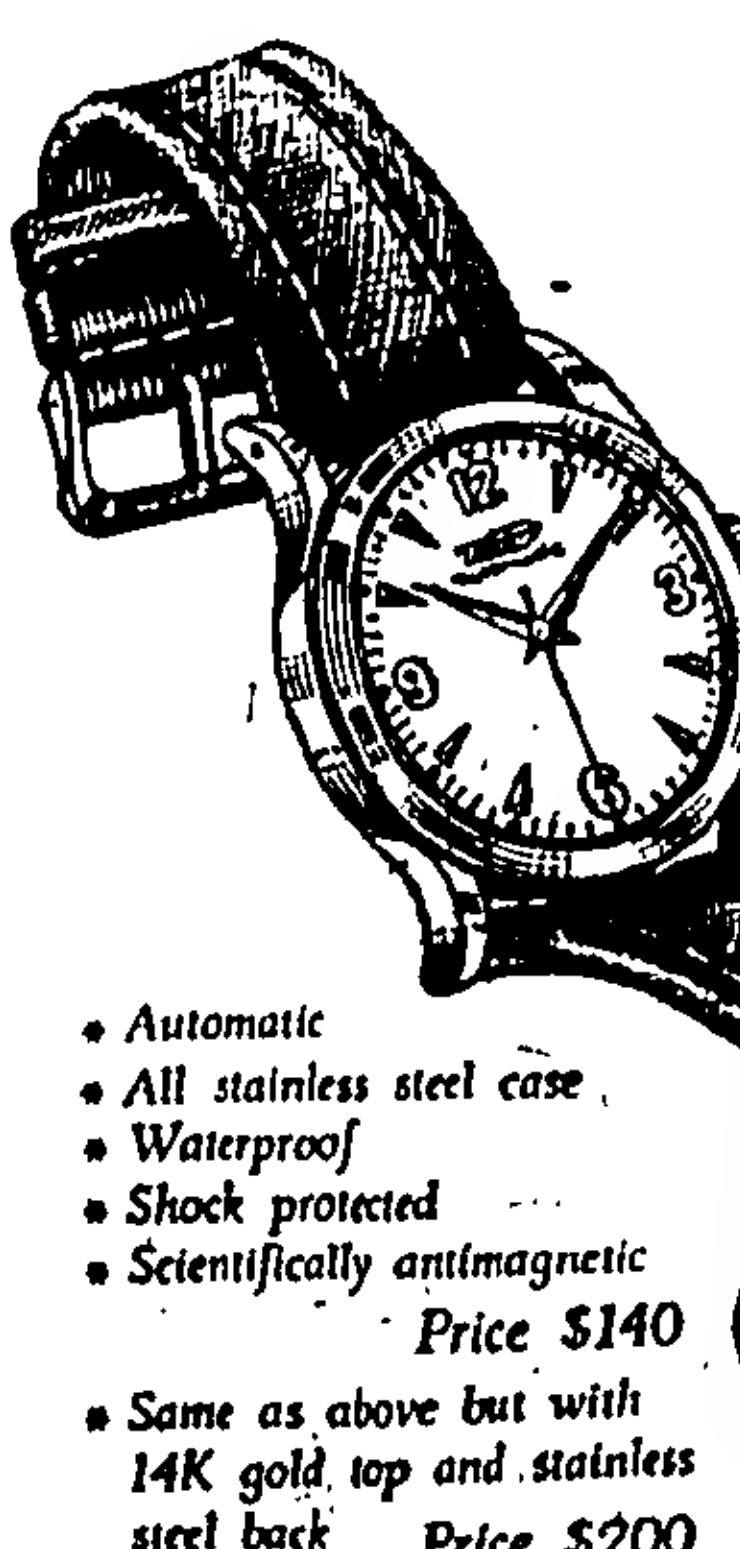
Let us therefore end on a mundane note.

Each year the Festival makes a loss, which has been as low as £21,000 and as high as £38,000. But it pays artistically and spreads largesse in all directions. There can be little doubt that it now is as firmly established as Salzburg or Bayreuth or any of the other famous Festivals of Europe.

The truth is that tourists like to travel to places that give purpose to a holiday. In New Zealand the city of Auckland has an annual Festival which draws visitors from other countries. As for Stratford-on-Avon, it not only gives Shakespeare to the tourists but supports a considerable number of local trades in Birmingham which are dedicated to turning out Shakespearean relics.

But perhaps that is enough about Festivals. The point is that the one at Edinburgh is here to stay.

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PARADE

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HAPPENED

English history sometimes gets mixed in the schoolboy mind. The dates and the actions go in but what comes out is at times much more interesting and entertaining than the original.

Consider the incident between Queen Elizabeth I of England and Sir Walter Raleigh, Lady Huggins, wife of the late Governor of Jamaica, recently recounted an American boy's version of the story when she was addressing the Italian Celebrity Lecture Guild on "The Changing Pattern of the Empire."

When she was in the USA last year, she said, the boy's school-master told her about the story. The youngster wrote: "On a fine evening in 1632, Queen Elizabeth entered the ancient town of Coventry and, mounting a snow-white stallion, threw off her dress and rode through the streets of the city. On her way she met Sir Walter Raleigh, who, seeing her condition, threw his cloak about her crying 'Honi soit qui mal y pense!'"

Thus, said the schoolboy, meant "Thy need is greater than mine," and added: "Queen Elizabeth graciously responded: 'Dieu et mon droit,' which meant 'My God, you're right!'"

found a "jellied child" with the disease they must have caught it from adults whose malady had not yet been spotted.

If the child has a serious infection after wearing the tuberculin jelly an angry red welt with blisters is revealed. In a mild case it is just a blister, and a clear skin indicates freedom from the disease.

The jelly tests are designed to supplement a mass X-ray survey which starts in the town in November.

READ ALL Men joining H.M.S. ABOUT IT

Ark Royal, the Navy's newest aircraft carrier, receive a present of a 22-page book when they arrive on board. As well as giving the history of previous Ark Royals in the Navy, the book gives the four "hates" of Commander C. W. S. Dreyer, who is responsible for running the ship under the Captain.

The Commander lists his four "hates" as: leave-breakers, saucers, dirt-makers, and men without manners.

Of his fourth "hate" he writes: "For many men to live close together in a ship requires good manners."

The book is a guide to safety rules and naval customs, and tells newly-joined members of the ship's company how to find their way about the ship.

One part of the book is given up to telling sailors the right way to wear their caps. It is an offence to wear a cap "flicked" and cap ribbons have to be so tied that the letter "R" of "Ark" is over the nose of the wearer.

LAUGHING FROGS

The annual outbreak of hilarity in the Romney Marshes is on again, so much so that Little Audrey could never match the laughter of the colony of several thousand frogs there.

The colony started with a dozen frogs imported from Hungary in 1935; now it has spread over 80 or 90 square miles and is laughing its head off all over the Marshes. Having failed to find how far the frogs spread and where they spend the winter, members of the British Herpetological Society are now concentrating on why the frogs laugh and where they laugh the loudest and longest.

After one of his visits to the Marshes, Mr Alfred Leutcher, a leading member of the society, discovered that it is the males that laugh, almost certainly to attract the females and possibly to warn rivals of their prior territorial claims.

Winston Watched The Wall Street Crash

THE GREAT CRASH, 1929.
By J. K. Galbraith.
Hamish Hamilton, 12s. 6d.
186 pages.

... from the public gallery of
the New York Stock Exchange

ON the morning of Thursday, October 24, 1929, a sturdy English figure stood, cigar in mouth, in the public gallery of the New York Stock Exchange. Before him was being enacted one of the most frenzied scenes in the history of that stately institution.

So great was the tumult that outside the building it was heard as a mysterious dull roar, attracting an anxious crowd. Police Commissioner Whalen.... to whom this phenomenon was reported, hurried a detail of police officers to Wall Street. A workman appeared on the top of a high building. The crowd waited eagerly for him to commit suicide.

But it was not the day for workmen to commit suicide.

What was taking place in the financial quarter of New York on that autumn morning was not a civil commotion but an economic calamity. With a flair for "being on hand with history" which Galbraith approves, Winston Churchill was present at one of the critical events of our time.

Hurly-burly

It could even be argued that, as the Chancellor who put Britain back on the Gold Standard, he had some part in preparing for the extraordinary scene he witnessed.

As he left the public gallery, trembling officials shut the doors

so that the lay multitude outside should not be privy to the hurly-burly within. It was better that way.

The historic crash on Wall Street had begun.

A few prophets had predicted it. They had been denounced for heresy, sabotage. When Paul Warburg said that if the cry of "unrestrained speculation" was not halted there would be a disastrous collapse, he was declared to be "handbanging American prosperity."

THREE DAYS

A mere month or so before the catastrophe, Roger Babson had said "sooner or later a crash is coming"; a momentary faltering in confidence occurred, and was brushed aside.

After all, one had to expect "indentations in the ever ascending curve of American prosperity."

For more popular was the belief breathlessly held by Professor Charles Amos Dice that the great "bull" market, the Coolidge market, was going forward "like the phalanxes of Cyrus, parading upon parading."

"Don't part with your illusions," the Wall Street Journal quoted from Mark Twain: "when they are gone you may exist, but you have ceased to live."

Determined to live, resolutely clinging to their illusions, the speculating public of the United States prepared for the Twilight of the Gods—the gods who bought on margin, borrowing from the banks at nine percent to do so.

The Great Crash was something more than an event in economics. It was a turning point in American (and therefore world) history. It ended the age. Scott Fitzgerald wrote about it: "It made a revolution. It grew its own mythology. Thus it is a proper subject for ironic commentary as well as economic speculation."

Galbraith, professing economics at Harvard, has the

temperament to provide the one and the knowledge to supply the other. Soft-paddling up on his theme, he has the dry, sardonic phrasing appropriate to the tragedy. For this tragedy was played by comedians.

BRUSHED ASIDE

He recalls the moment when, after three days of frenzied selling, the rich began to feel the pinch; the boardrooms became empty; "those now in trouble had facilities for suffering in private." Came a day when

a boy let off a firework in a Chicago street and the amateur spectators through the city that gangsters whose margin accounts had been closed were shooting up the street.

J. D. Rockefeller let the world know that for some days he had been buying sound stocks. Edith Cantor, "comedian and victim," retorted: "Sure, who else has any money left?"

Two men jumped hand-in-hand from a high window in

the Ritz: they held a joint account.

Yet the picturesque legend that the sky over Wall Street was, during those days, black with the bodies of despairing speculators vanishes under Galbraith's scrutiny. Statisticians show that the suicide rate in New York during the crash was substantially below that prevailing during the previous months, when the market was doing beautifully.

Another myth must be discarded; that which depicts the orgy of speculation as something gripping the entire nation. Only 600,000 Americans out of 120 million had been buying "on margin," and were liable to suffer when the credit squeeze turned into a bear's hug.

TOO FEW

The causes of the crash? Galbraith offers you a choice:

The rich were too rich, and too few. "The rich can't buy large quantities of bread." The banks were too small. When one failed, the rest were besieged. In American big business there were too many adventurers.

You will probably decide that behind it all lay a widespread insistence on being deluded. "All people," says Bagehot, "are most happy when they are most credulous."

The Colonel Warns

THE DARK EYE IN AFRICA.
By Laurens Van der Post.
Hogarth, 8s. 6. 159 pages.

In this book version of a talk Van der Post gave to the Psychological Club of Zurich—he discusses with almost desperate urgency the supreme African problem—Colour.

Because the European settler has rejected all things African, especially the human beings he found there, he stands in growing and terrible danger.

The Dark Eye is a Malay term applied to a man who runs amok. "Mau Mau," warns Van der Post, "is the most dramatic manifestation that the African eye is losing its light and darkening everywhere around us."

His book is the outcome of a sense of beauty giving wings to a sense of danger.

VENTURE INTO DARK-NESS. By Alice Tisdale Hobart (Longman's, 12s. 6d.).

MRS Hobart, the author of "Oil for the Lamps of China" has written a new book about a new China in which we are led to believe, the lamps have been extinguished.

It appears to be as much a "venture into darkness" for her as for her hero, an American who returns to Communist China at the height of the Korean war to "rescue a man he has weakly betrayed (and) also to expose the guilt he feels for other things (including) his failure towards the Chinese people whom he was brought up to love."

The man he plans to rescue—an American—is under house arrest in Shanghai. And, of course, the mission of mercy starts off from Hongkong—a dark inlet near Aberdeen, to be more precise.

I found Mrs Hobart's book tedious. The action is too slow; there are far too many flash-backs to a prewar China which Mrs Hobart obviously knows much better than the present-day one.

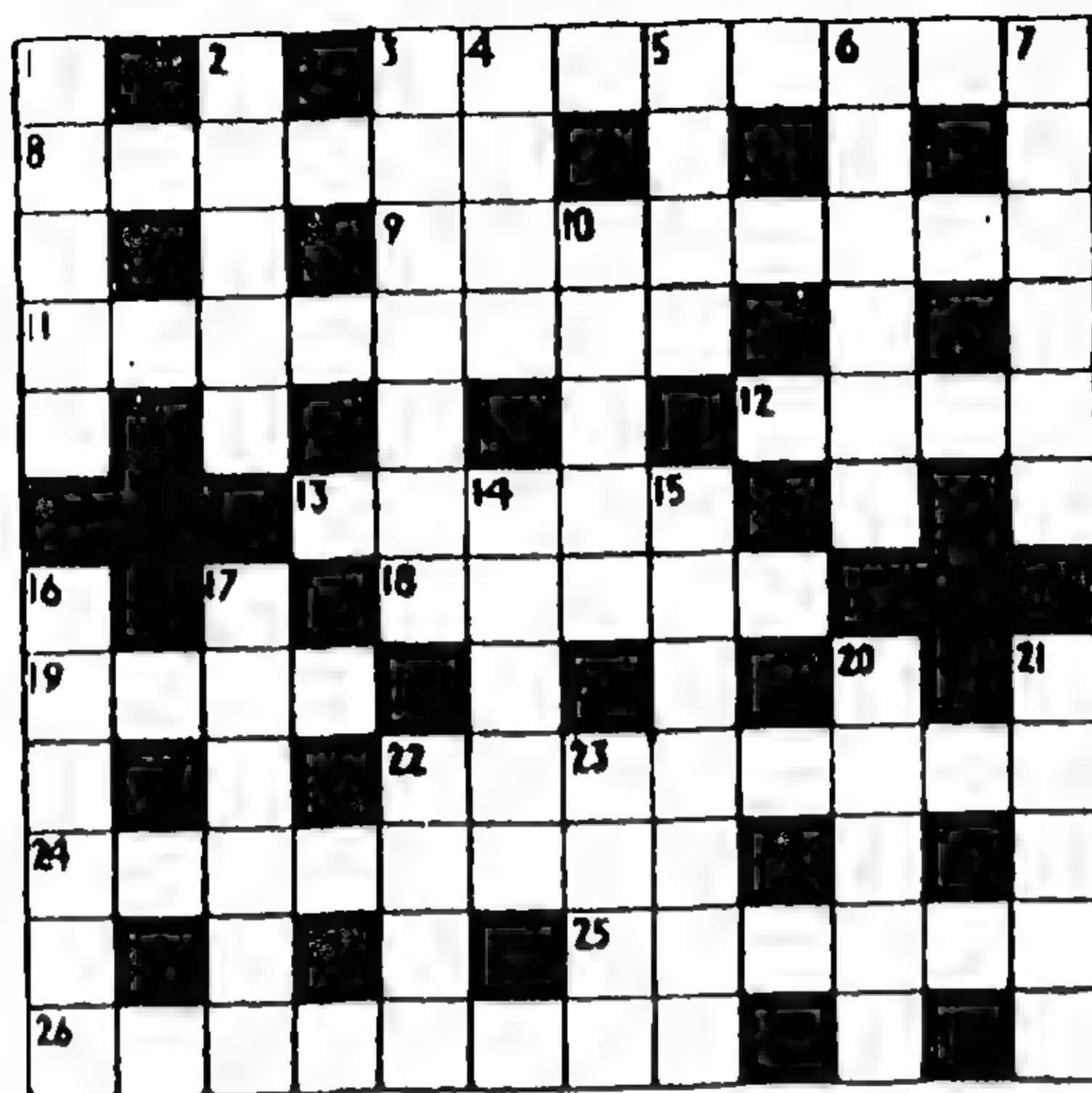
More Sensitive

David Conway, the central character, is a more sensitive and sophisticated Soldier of Fortune than Ernest Gann's hero, Hank Leo. And Mrs Hobart's story is more "realistic"—and therefore more credible than Gann's somewhat trite melodrama.

But in her appraisal of contemporary conditions, and the temperament of the Chinese people she allows prejudice (or is it petulance?) to act as a barrier to a true understanding of the Chinese revolution, and the reason why America, one of its greatest benefactors, came out worst in the realignment of China's relations with the West.

Her book might make a good film (with careful editing) but it makes dull reading. I found myself skipping pages after I had read 30 which contained a number of inaccuracies about Hongkong: Her typhoon blows in an extremely improbable direction and the (or the publishers') mispellings Yangtze (or Yangtsé, but not Yangtze) at least twice—RLL.

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 3 Bubble (8)
- 8 Entertained (6)
- 9 Annoyed (8)
- 11 Create (8)
- 12 Average (4)
- 13 Flower (5)
- 18 Pigment (5)
- 19 Part of the eye (11)
- 22 Turned aside (8)
- 24 Virago (8)
- 25 Confederacy (10)
- 26 Got ready (8)

DOWN

- 1 Ship's load (5)
- 2 Droll (5)
- 3 Quell (7)
- 4 Notion (4)
- 5 Lament (4)
- 6 Concurred (8)
- 7 Losing freshness (8)
- 10 Precipitous (5)
- 11 Lukewarm (5)
- 15 Matured (7)
- 16 High cleric (6)
- 17 Savage (6)
- 20 Platform (5)
- 21 Snake (5)
- 22 Prima-donna (4)
- 23 Valley (4)

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD: Across—2. Supposed, 7. Road, 9. Old, 10. Arab, 11. Redness, 15. Same, 17. Elected, 18. Culture, 20. Less, 21. Tend, 22. Vessel, 23. Startles, 24. Tracer, 25. Steeples, Down—1. Driver, 2. Salad, 3. Stone, 4. Puma, 5. Sun-bat, 6. Dashed, 8. Desert, 11. Revue, 12. Leads, 14. Street, 16. Swale, 18. Metre, 19. Chaps, 19. Legate, 22. Needs, 23. Paws, 24. Sleep, 25. Stop.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Beware Of The Goblins!

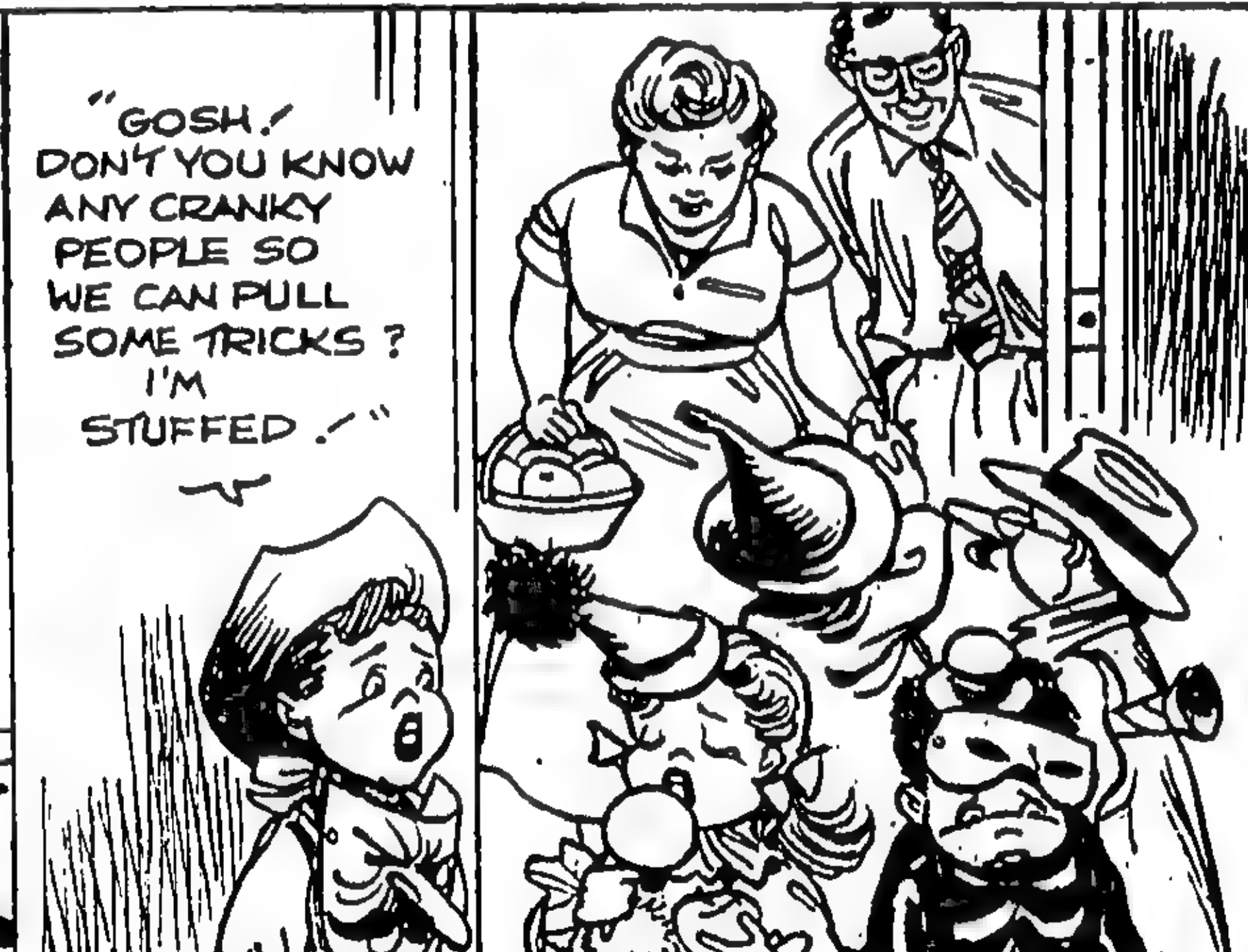
BY HARRY WEINERT



HALLOWEEN WILL SOON BE OVER, BUT UNTIL IT IS, THE GARBAGE AND RUBBISH CANS SHOULD BE KEPT INDOORS.

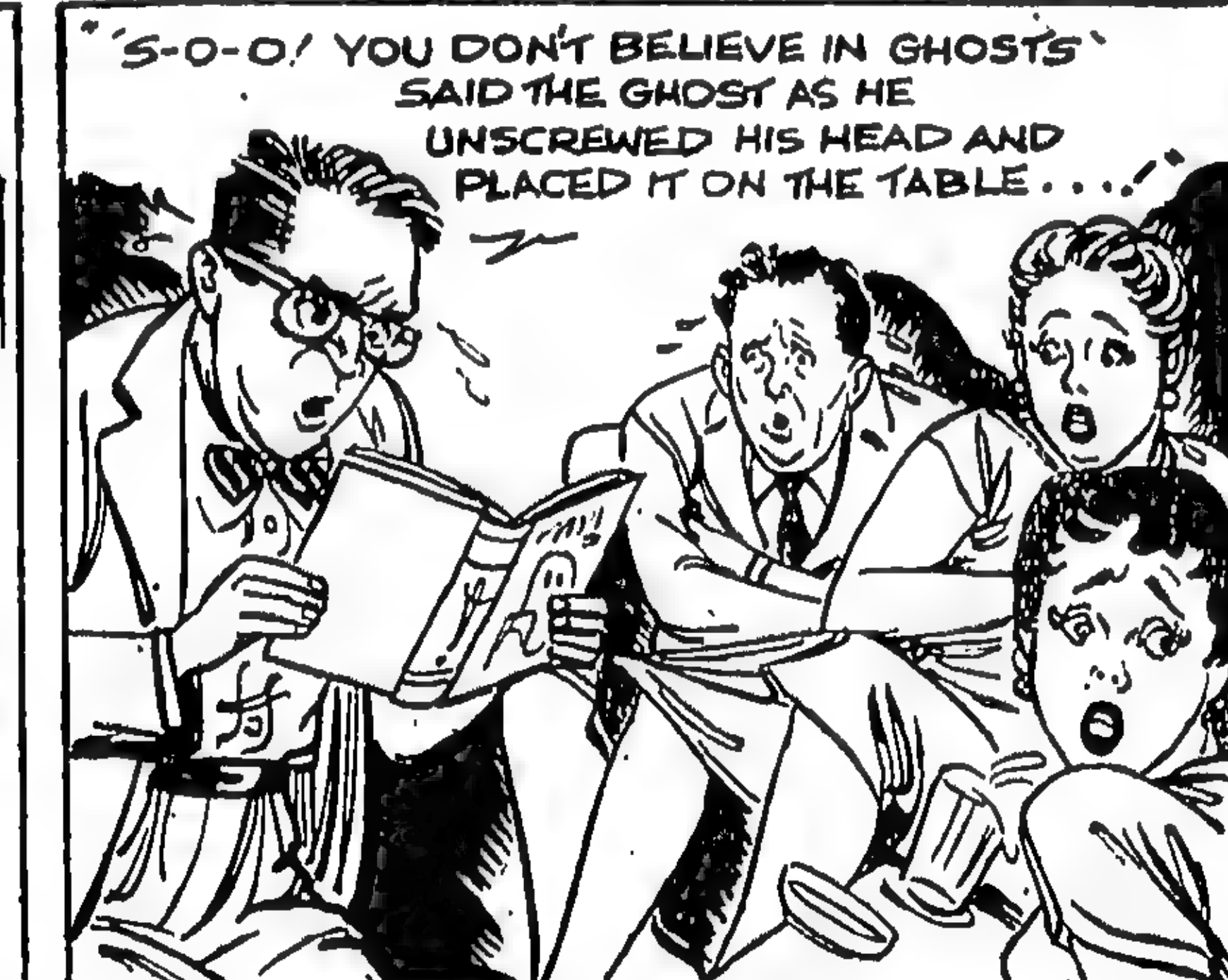
"DO YOU THINK ANY ONE WILL BECAUSE?"

"WHAT DO YOU THINK?"



"GOSH! DON'T YOU KNOW ANY CRANKY PEOPLE SO WE CAN PULL SOME TRICKS? I'M STUFFED."

TRICK OR TREAT.



"S-O-O! YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS" SAID THE GHOST AS HE UNSCREWED HIS HEAD AND PLACED IT ON THE TABLE....



THE BIG-HEARTED PAL WHO SAYS "BOYS WILL BE BOYS" UNTIL HE DISCOVERS IT'S HIS GATE HANGING ON A TREE.



"IS THAT OVER-GROWN PIXY STEPPING OUT TO RING DOORBELLS AGAIN THIS YEAR?"

Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail — A "China Mail" Feature

Kai Tak Air Display Highlights

The 1955 Battle of Britain celebrations in Hongkong culminate in the Royal Air Force Display to be held at Kai Tak this afternoon. Some of the main features of the display will be an air sea rescue, aerobatics in Vampires, dive bombing, rocket attacks, meteor aerobatics, and an air attack on a naval frigate.

Normal Saturday afternoon programmes have been altered today in order to broadcast commentaries on the highlights of the display.

John Wallace will be the commentator, and the first broadcast from Kai Tak will start at two minutes to three. Between the commentaries from the airfield, Hospital requests will be presented from the studios of Radio Hongkong.

For the first time for many years, a Tattoo is being staged by the Armed Forces of the Crown Stationed in Hongkong. The Royal Navy, the Army, the Royal Air Force and the Royal Hongkong Defence Force are all taking part in the Tattoo, which is being held on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week.

Musical will be provided by the massed bands of the forces in Hongkong, and the varied and colourful programmes of events include "The Castle Guard", a display by the Army's despatch riders, and a demonstration by Royal Air Force Police Dogs.

One of the most interesting items on the programme will be the re-enactment of one of the most stirring chapters in the history of the King's Own Royal Regiment "The Buffs", which occurred during the Peninsula War, when England was bitterly engaged against the French in 1813.

Descriptions of the scene by David Lytle and Robert Scott will be broadcast at nine minutes past eight on Thursday and nine thirty on Friday.

Tomorrow evening at nine minutes past eight Colonel A. Dawson, Chief of Staff, British Forces, will give the background of the enormous problems involved in staging a production of this size.

"Viewpoint" this Friday takes an unusual form. The whole programme will be devoted to one feature "Portrait of a Writer", intended as a tribute to Edmund Blunden whose birthday falls this week.

Edmund Blunden is counted the most famous of living English poets and critics. Although he has spent a number of years in the Orient (he was Professor of English at Tokyo University for some years in the 1920s and returned to Japan after the war, before coming to Hongkong), it is probable that he will always be remembered in his own country chiefly as a poet of the English countryside and as an authority on the literature of the first half of the 19th century.

Edmund Blunden will himself be heard in this programme, which will also include readings from his works.

1955 MELBOURNE CUP
From the pearling towns of Australia's North-West to the dead heart of the centre, from the capital cities to the smallest wheat-belt towns, November 1st, 1955 is Melbourne Cup Day. All over Australia people follow the Melbourne Cup, Australia's richest horse race, and a recorded commentary on the 1955 Melbourne Cup will be broadcast by Radio Hongkong on Tuesday evening at eight minutes past six.

RECITAL
This week's recital from the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong will be given by Theodore Huang, a young musician who has just returned from America. When he was in the United States, Theodore Huang studied music in the Westminster Choir College at Princeton, N. J., and received both his degrees of B. Music and M. Music there.

He studied the piano under several distinguished teachers, and also with the famous French pianist, Gaby Casadesu. Mr. Huang's recital will include Beethoven's Italian Concerto, Brahms' Intermezzo in B flat minor, Opus 117 No. 2, and Beethoven's Sonata in E flat major (Les Adieux). The programme can be heard at 9.00 p.m. on Wednesday.

JACOBAN THEATRE
Admirers of that versatile young man, Peter Ustinov, have the chance to hear him in serious vein tomorrow night when he shares the bill with Grizelda Horvey in the play "A Woman Killed With Kindness" by Thomas Heywood. This is the first in a weekly series of seven BBC programmes on the Jacobean Theatre to be broadcast on Sundays at 8.00 p.m.



Theodore Huang, who will give a piano recital in the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong at 9 o'clock on Wednesday evening.

Today

- 12.00 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
- 12.15 p.m. MUSICAL SCRAPBOOK.
- 1.00 p.m. NEWS, WEATHER REPORT & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 1.15 p.m. LUNCHTIME MUSIC FORCES PROGRAMMES.
- 2.00 p.m. OLD TIME BALLROOM with Sydney Thompson and his Orchestra.
- 2.15 p.m. CARIBBEAN MELODIES — DIANE ADRIAN (VOCAL). Diane Adrien (Theresa) Danza (vocals) Elzbieta Gulan and the Caribbean Rhythm Boys (Haiti) "Cannon" King (Tina) La Haine (vocals) The Dr. T. The Minstrel Azaka (Diane) Adrian (vocal) with Paul Campbell (La Campar) and the Caribbean Rhythm Boys.
- 2.30 p.m. BATTLE OF BRITAIN FLYING DISPLAY. Presentation by John Wallace from Kai Tak Vampires aerobatics, dive bombing.
- 2.45 p.m. HOSPITAL REQUESTS. Presented by Jean.
- 2.55 p.m. FLYING DISPLAY. Troop carrying and supply dropping, Gray Dyke, Gray Dyke aerobatics by Vampires (OB).
- 3.00 p.m. HOSPITAL REQUESTS PRESENTED BY JEAN (STUDIO).
- 3.15 p.m. FLYING DISPLAY. Rocket attacks, Meteor aerobatics, Vampire ground attack, air/sea rescue.
- 3.30 p.m. HOSPITAL REQUESTS PRESENTED BY JEAN.
- 3.45 p.m. FLYING DISPLAY. Final Air/Sea attack on a naval frigate.
- 4.00 p.m. STUDIO UNIT REQUESTS. Presented by Linda. Calling R. Q. Movement Control.
- 4.15 p.m. TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
- 4.30 p.m. SELECTIONS FROM "WHITE CHRISTMAS" (HARLIN). With Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye.
- 4.45 p.m. POPULAR CONCERT. Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by George Weldon.
- 5.00 p.m. STUDIO "Juke Box PARADE". Presented by Nick Kendall.
- 5.15 p.m. "News Week". News and interviews on some of the week's events in and out of Hongkong. Compiled by Timothy Birch.
- 5.30 p.m. WEATHER REPORT.
- 5.45 p.m. TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
- 6.00 p.m. COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OF SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 6.15 p.m. TRIO IN RHYTHM (RECORDED). Vic Christobal (Piano) Vic Christobal (Bass) Angel Gaa (Drums).
- 6.30 p.m. FORCES' FAVOURITES (LON-

DON RELAY.
TIME SIGNAL.
STUDIO: SPORTS CAVALCADE.
Edited by Eric Young. Produced by John Wallace.

"REHEARSAL OF BROADWAY."
André Avelin's selections from the musical play sung by the Principals and Chorus, with Orchestra.
Conducted by Salvatore Dell'Isola.

10.00 TAKE YOUR PARTNERS.

10.15 WEATHER REPORT.

10.30 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-REEL (LONDON RELAY).

10.45 TAKE YOUR PARTNERS.

10.55 GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

11.00 CLOSE DOWN.

11.15 JOURNEY INTO SPACE.

11.25 TAKE YOUR PARTNERS.

11.35 GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

11.45 CLOSE DOWN.

11.55 JOURNEY INTO SPACE.

12.05 TAKE YOUR PARTNERS.

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1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.30 AFTERNOON CONCERT.
Overture: Rhapsody (Weber) — The Berlin Philharmonic Orch. cond. by Fritz Lehmann.
Symphony No. 1 (Mahler) — The Berlin Philharmonic Orch. cond. by Fritz Lehmann.
Concerto No. 1 in D minor (Prokofiev) — The Berlin Philharmonic Orch. cond. by Fritz Lehmann.
Concerto No. 2 in D minor (Prokofiev) — The Berlin Philharmonic Orch. cond. by Fritz Lehmann.

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HOLIDAY IN MALAYA SINGAPORE-PENANG

	"Santia"	"Sirdhana"	"Bangala"
Leaves Hongkong	27th Nov.	18th Dec.	9th Jan.
Arrives Singapore	2nd Dec.	23rd Dec.	13th Jan.
Arrives Penang	6th Dec.	26th Dec.	16th Jan.

"Three-Month Holiday" Return Ticket Fares:—
1st Class 2nd Class
Hongkong/Singapore/Hongkong HK\$ 921.00 HK\$ 933.00
Hongkong/Penang/Hongkong HK\$ 1036.00 HK\$ 1072.00

These tickets are valid for three months from date of embarkation to date of return to embarkation port.
For further particulars please apply to:—
MACKINNON MACKENZIE & CO. OF H.K. LTD.
P. & O. BUILDING, TEL. 27721-5.

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB FIRST RACE MEETING

Saturday, 5th & Monday, 7th November, 1955.
(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 20 RACES.

The First Race will be run at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m. on the 1st Day.
On the 2nd Day the First Race will be run at 11.30 a.m. and the First Race run at 12.00 noon. The 15-minute interval is after the Fourth Race (1.30 p.m.).

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. on the 1st Day and at 10.00 a.m. on the 2nd Day.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE
NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.
All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a Member, such member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE
The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS
Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Enclosure.

CASH SWEEPS
Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$40.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), and 5, D'Almeida Street during normal office hours and until 10.00 a.m. on the First Day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 4,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 4,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 4th November, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 4,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

SPECIAL CASH SWEEP
Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Kwangtung Handicap scheduled to be run on 10th November, 1955, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office.

TOTALISATOR
Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tip men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

WEEK-END SOFTBALL

WARRIORS FACE ANOTHER STIFF HURDLE IN SOUTH CHINA TOMORROW

By "TIME OUT"

Eddie Marques' Warriors face another stiff hurdle tomorrow when they clash with South China. This contest will be the acid test that will show if the Warriors are good enough to be classed among the top teams in the Senior "A" Division. Tomorrow's morning tussle should see the youthful Blackhawk outfit come back to life in their clash with the lowly Chinese Athletic squad.

The Men's Senior "B" Division also features two keen games this week as the two unbeaten teams, Comets and Delawares, meet in a dramatic showdown at 3.30 p.m. tomorrow while the tail-enders of their section, Hurricanes and H.K. University, lock horns in the far diamond in a decisive battle at the close of their initial round.

The minor loop come out with four games this week with the spotlight falling on the Overseas-P.I. Dodgers game at 4.00 p.m. this afternoon. Once again, Fred Diesta's boys should have an easy time in emerging on the long end of the final count.

DETERMINED BALL.
The Warriors had better be on their toes if they are out for blood in their clash with South China tomorrow as the Chinese lads are playing very determined ball this year and seem to have their eyes on the Championship. After their crushing defeat at the hands of the Hurricanes early in the season, the Chinese contingent have been telling hard on workouts at the park and are first filling up the week spots.

Toing the rubber for South China will be windmill artist "Goose" Wong, owner of one of the best fast balls in the business, who combines it with pace and cleverness to qualify as one of the game's best hurlers.

Though the catching department in the person of S.C. Wong is rather weak on the throw, the press the diamond, the fast pitches coming through give him plenty of time to nip pilfers.

Their infield quartet of C. M. Tsang at first, Y. K. Chan at second, Seldon Ma at third and fleet-footed "Rabbit" Leung at the windy ally, is about the steadiest in their division.

The outfield trio of L. C. Poon, P. C. Wong and B. Cheng is a key factor in their line of defence as well as of offence.

The Warriors, still nursing their battle scars from their 13-2 massacre at the hands of the powerful Braves last week, will be out in full strength in an effort to regain their shattered pride.

Hurling duties will probably fall once again into the strong right arm of Eddie Marques and should he come through with a "good" day on the slab, his mates may take this tussle home to their side as the Chinese opponents do not pack as much wallop in the batting department as their former foes, the Braves.

Another team that will be out to regain confidence tomorrow will be Buster Holland's Blackhawk as they started rather shakily in their first appearance on the Senior "A" stage, losing to the Warriors 13-9.

One can be assured that Hawk mentor Holland will spare no quarter in this clash against Chinese Athletics and with stars like Robert Nunes and Eric Remedios back in the line-up, the Hawks are bound to go to town at the expense of their weak opponents when they meet in the morning.

The Hawk "boom guns", from the hickories of Gus Sousa, Gerry Remedios, Tony Rodriguez and Joey Grace, which were idle last week, have been thoroughly oiled and ready for action to back up their hurlers' job at the plate.

The feature game of the Senior "B" circuit, the Delawares-Comeets tussle at 3.30 p.m. tomorrow, should provide fans with thrills aplenty as both teams have been playing steady ball this year and have remained undefeated.

Manager Charlie Remedios will depend on the fast-balling of Gogo Santos to carry the bacon home tomorrow. Featured in the catching department are the Delawares have Cypri Caldas, a dangerous threat to opposing base-purloiners, while lanky "Toing" Tavares starts at first.

Covering the keystone will be Junior Tomchoy and young Johnny Chavez will be posted at third. Rifle-arm Mickey Buge patrols the area around shortstop while the outfielders are Charlie Remedios, Sonny Pires and "Vee" Britto.

This fast-moving outfit is but a shade of their old strength with veterans like Frank Loureiro, George Ribeiro and Dick Chavez graduating to the minor leagues. But nevertheless Manager Remedios has rounded up many up-and-coming youngsters from the junior circuit to fill in the gaps and, with a great deal of telling under the blazing afternoon sun at the Park, has moulded his recruits into the same "Delaware machinery" of old to be once again a top contender for the Senior "B" crown.

The Comeets, on the other hand, have come up to the "B" division ten months upon their capturing the Junior Championship last year and are well on their way to matching this title as well.

Behind the able guiding hands of H. S. Hamel, the Comet nine have steadily climbed up the pennant ladder in the junior circuit in the past few years to finally grab it last season and this put themselves into the Men's Senior "B".

ARRAY OF STARS
In their encounter with the Delawares tomorrow, manager Hamel will call on hurler Reggie Hamel to hoist the mound flag while George Kotwall is posted behind the birdcage. His array of stars in the infield is sparked by hustling A. K. Ismail at short, Gary Hamel and A. Casamunoy at first and second respectively and S. Kader, star of the now extinct Griffins, at the hot corner.

Second string hurler M. Hassan will be chasing flies in the left field gardens while A. N. Kader and Ray "Pee Wee" Lee patrol the other two sectors. Also included in this formidable line-up are the Omani brothers and David Fong.

Judging on performances on the diamond, team for team, my money is on Hamel's Comeets coming through with a neat triumph over the Delawares when they lock horns tomorrow and thus retaining the only undefeated team in their Division.

While the clamps are battling for top honours on the "A" ground, the tail-enders will be settling their dispute as to who hold the "wooden spoon" in the far-off diamond at "B" ground, where a shaky H. K. University nine meet an equally shaky Hurricane outfit at the same time tomorrow.

Famous Sports Stars I Have Met Maurice Leyland

By Archie Quick

The scorching cricket fields of Australia, the pleasant meadows on which the game is played in England, the equally lush places where it is kept alive in New Zealand and the burning heat of the grounds in the West Indies, India and South Africa all seemed so very far away as I talked to Maurice Leyland in the cool ward of a Scarborough hospital.

The great Yorkshire all-rounder had been laid low while watching the annual Festival on the pleasant local enclosure. He collapsed, and said afterwards: "How silly of me." Which is typical of this lion-hearted Tyke with the round figure and the rolling gait of a sailor.

Would that England had today an all-rounder of Leyland's calibre, or of his Lancashire contemporary Eddie Paynter, to go in round about No. 5 and prop the middle of a Test innings. Trevor Bailey has done it time and again, but Leyland and Paynter used to do it "in front of the clock" and both had the instinctive advantage of being left-handers.

As Maurice Tate once told me: "These Australians hate Leyland like poison. He is wrong way round, he stops a rot and he can hit the fastest balls Gregory and McDonald can send down back past their ears."

CHARITY GAMES
Leyland is turned fifty-five now, but right up to last season he was playing in charity games around the Leeds district. "Shall have to take it easier now," he told me. In his broad accent, "The ticker is not as good as it should be. Unlike most old timers, Maurice does not think there is much wrong with English cricket that a little experience will not remedy."

"We have good fast bowlers—Truman, Hillgarth and Tyson, in that order. May and Cowdrey are a couple of batters that will worry the Aussies for years, and there are lots of others coming along—especially in Yorkshire!"

He quoted Cowan, Taylor and Illingworth. These are words worth heeding from a man who made 137 on his first Test appearance against Australia and who still holds the second wicket record, with 10,000 runs. He has scored seven separate hundreds against the Australians when they had a really worth-while attack, and remember, with the great Herbert Sutcliffe, Leyland was coaxed in a partnership against Essex at the same Scarborough which produced 102 runs off six consecutive overs.

The Sports Cavalcaders were at it again last Saturday night, but as John Wallace so sagaciously remarked towards the end of the programme, maybe it was a good thing that due to lack of time there was no opportunity to pursue the topic—my article on the relative international merit of the Chinese footballer—any further.

It was certainly a good thing for Ted Thomas that, to use a boxing term, he was saved by the bell, for he was spinning an ever-tightening verbal web from which he would have found it very hard to extricate himself.

He inferred that because a team is of amateur status it is somehow inferior to a professional one. I suggest that he tell that not to the marines—but to the eleven professional Englishmen who parted along, not once but twice, in the disappearing shadows of the amateur Hungarians.

Or try and tell those folks—like his colleague Brig Young—who were privileged to see the last World Cup series, in real life or on the screen, that professionals are superior to amateurs. It is a modern myth, as old-fashioned as fusties and as bold, and as out of date as the antiquated ideas that still persist to the detriment of British professional football. With an expressive cluck of his tongue, Thomas discounted the such terms as A.K., Kops, Grashopper and Admiral as "these amateur skills" yet four of the A.K. side were top

SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



SATURDAY SOCCER SPORT

Of Schoolboys And Rules, Sportswriters And News, Sports Cavalcaders And...

By I. M. MacTAVISH

In spite of natural acrimony in certain obvious quarters there will be much general satisfaction at the prompt action of the HKFA in bringing Kitchee to book for playing a schoolboy in their team contrary to the rules of the Association.

The registration of the player has been cancelled, but the matter is far from finished. The Association has still to decide what action shall be taken in respect of the games in which the ineligible player took part. This is a case of great importance. The position is that the games in which he participated can be declared void and be replayed, or the points involved can be forfeited by Kitchee to the opposition.

The matter is due for official consideration very soon and it would be wrong at this time to discuss the possible consequences. The case can be left safely in the hands of the HKFA, but if you care to take a little time to examine the position carefully you will probably realise that a matter of vital public interest is involved in the Association's decisions.

I hope to discuss it at length when the case is over... there is an interesting precedent.

USEFUL PART
The press in Hongkong—like the press in most other parts of the world—plays a most useful part in the furtherance of sport. What is written is for the greatest importance for it is the link between a game and the public and with this in mind, I make a plea for better information facilities to be made available to pressmen at Senior soccer matches.

If you care to look back at last Sunday's newspapers you will see that both English language papers showed Fong Sal-chow at right-half in the South China team against Kitchee, while the other Sunday paper said that Neal was in the junior players on the Caroline Hill staff.

How helpful it would be if club officials would pin up a team list in a prominent position and so let the sports writers have reliable information.

Inaccurate facts—probably gleaned from an unofficial or ill-informed source—can sometimes have embarrassing consequences for innocent individuals. One paper last Sunday reported that Martin of the Club had had his name taken for an incident during the game against Kitchee, while the other Sunday paper said that Neal was the player involved.

I was not at the game, and even now I do not know which player was in fact booked, but obviously one of them is the innocent victim of circumstances. Closer co-operation between team officials and the press would be of mutual benefit to all.

The Sports Cavalcaders were at it again last Saturday night, but as John Wallace so sagaciously remarked towards the end of the programme, maybe it was a good thing that due to lack of time there was no opportunity to pursue the topic—my article on the relative international merit of the Chinese footballer—any further.

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of the Swedish party that recently took on the soccer might of Russia.

AMATEUR TEAM
And Russia, incidentally, is another amateur team, but try and tell Wolves that they are inferior to professionals.

The name of Rapide, the Austrian team that beat South China in Australia, was also mentioned in the broadcast and if one pursued a logical line of thought, based on what was said, then it had to be deduced that they were being held up as a better team than Admirals who came to Hongkong. I can only say that if that was the implication then it is completely at variance with fact as a look at the post-war records of both clubs will show.

Speaking on Tuesday to one who had just arrived from the UK I took the chance to put a blunt question to him. How was football when you left home? I asked, and his uncompromising and unembellished reply was "It has never been poorer. Nowadays it's a case of big pay, big heads, big boot, and big crowds that stay away!"

He is an ardent Luton Town supporter and he told me that in the weeks before he left home he had the opportunity of seeing many games. He saw Arsenal whom he described as "rockbottom", and Spurs who were even worse; he saw good football from Sheffield Wednesday, Ipswich, and Birmingham but he also saw Sheffield United, Reading and Swindon turning in what he described as the worst shows he had ever seen from professional teams.

His main regret was that he did not see the "new" Blackpool or Wolves, but he said that his best football entertainment came in a floodlight ray back in the days of Manchester United and Hibernian at Manchester when the home team lost 4-0.

Let us face up honestly and openly to certain facts unpatriotic as they may seem. The old British "Pro" tag is no longer an unqualified trademark of soccer quality. Professional soccer at home, and the teams-national and club—who play nowadays rate pretty low in the international reckoning.

TEAM TACTICS

Influences other than the fundamental one of playing good football have made cancerous inroads into the heart of the game, and there is not the slightest doubt that the amateur Grashopper, who came here with a goodly ration of fully fledged internationalists, is now superior in basic individual skill and team tactics to all but a very select few of the so-called aristocrats of British soccer. They may well be the equal of even these, and not only on their own "nick" heap—as they have already shown at Highbury.

I believe that there are not more than half a dozen of the 110 League teams in England and Scotland's A Division at the present time who could come out to Hongkong with a reasonable feeling of confidence that they would beat decisively a well prepared Chinese side.

The story of the third tier in one's own back yard is surely too well known to need repeating. In our backyard we have a blue bird in the shape of some great but apparently underestimated soccer craftsman. They—or at least their predecessors—learned the game from the British, as did the men of so many other countries. The lone old truth is that while we, the teachers, sat back and took a nap, the Hungarians, the Chinese, the South Americans, the Russians, and dozens of

others went on learning, experimenting, searching, and inevitably they found that the British were far from football perfection.

The sad thing was that we scoffed openly at the very suggestion that there was anything more to learn; that soccer skills could be taught like any other skills; that football in this modern time had to be worked at, not played at as we had done for so long.

ENCOURAGEMENT

I believe it is only the comparative smallness of the Colony that has prevented the game here from making the same advance in international prominence as that of the other countries I have mentioned. The players have the skill and the will to do well, but what is more important still they get spectator encouragement to play real football.

The result is that they produce the sort of ball manipulation that is only a fond but hazy memory to the folk in Britain—the sort of stuff that used to be played there by the soccer greats... the sort of game that makes Stanley Matthews stand out in glorious isolation as the great craftsman he is today.

I think the situation was well summed up by a prominent local sportsman when he said the other day "I shall miss this kind of football when I leave Hongkong. The idea of going back to bluff and bash is not at all attractive... even allowing for the incomparable atmosphere of a big game in Britain..."

With the Military Tattoo upon us there is a restricted schedule of games this week-end. Two games will be played today and two tomorrow.

Today: Club v Police at Club Stadium; Navy v CAA at Causeway Bay.

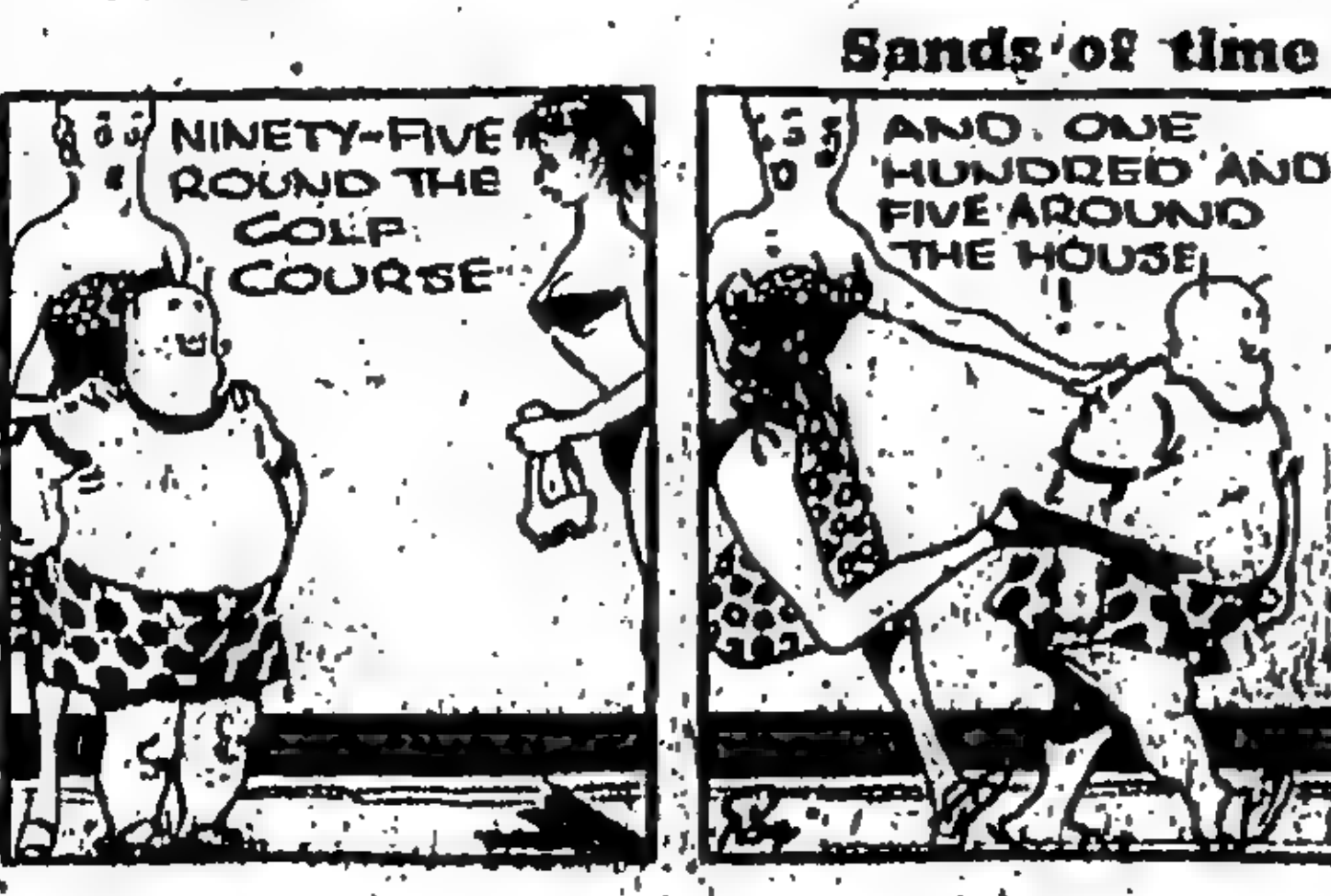
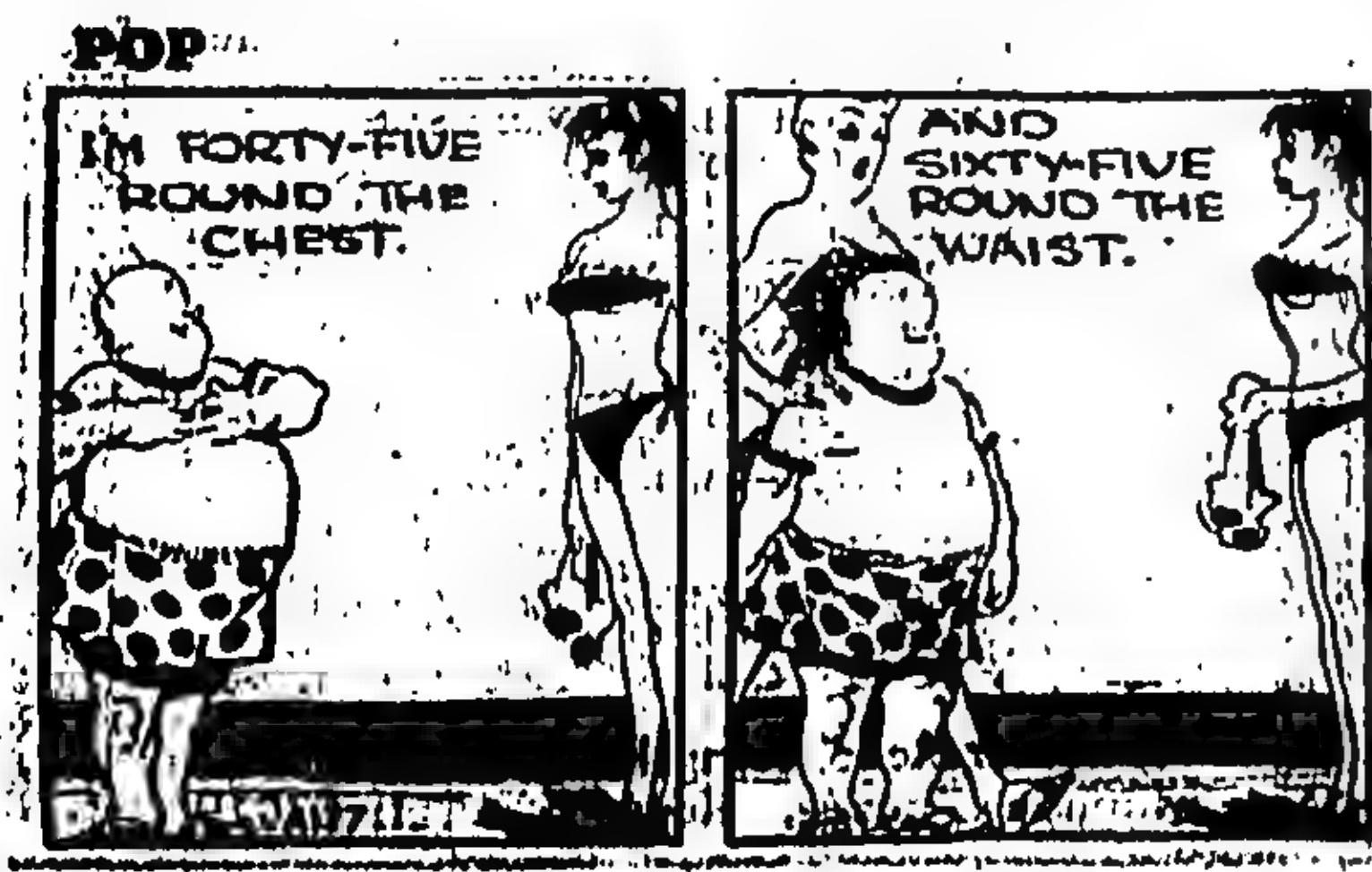
Tomorrow: Sing Tao v KMB at Club Stadium; St. Joseph's v Army at Causeway Bay.

All games will start at 8 o'clock. The main attraction will be the Sing Tao-KMB clash tomorrow and in current form the Tigers should gather two valuable points... especially now that Bobby Hornhill is back to steady the impetuous youngsters in the defence.

SPORTS QUIZ

1. What British sports title does Joe Conrad hold?
2. Who are the two "Dai's" of British sport?
3. Name the Australian Lawn Tennis Double partnership both of whose successes begin with the letter H.
4. What country holds the Davis Cup, whom did they beat and what was the score?
5. Was Joe Louis ever beaten as World Heavyweight Champion?
6. Name England's great soccer inside-forward trio from an immediate post-war to the late 40's.
7. What nationally are the following sportsmen? Leszlo Tabori, Stuart Leary, Julian Schaffling, Xenia Drobny?
8. Who are world Fly and Welterweight Boxing Champions?
9. Tony Trabert, Tony Mottram and Doris Hart, recently became professional tennis players. But which of the odd one out was not a tennis player?
10. Who are world champion Admiral "Toch" and Foxhounds?

(Answers See Page 17)



WEEK-END CRICKET

The Chater Road match between Scorpions and Indian Recreation Club and the Sookunpoo match between Army South and Craigengower hold the spotlight in this afternoon's League cricket programme.

The Sookunpoo match is likely to be better, though the visitors have insufficient bowling to keep a goal run-getting side's score down.

Craigengower, however, have the batting to make Army South work hard for four points.

At Chater Road the Indian Recreation Club will be without Tony Myatt and their attack will be considerably weakened in a match in which it is most needed at full strength.

Unless the unpredictable happens, and it keeps happening with regularity in this season's League matches, all four points look like staying at home.

KCC are at home to Recreation and this should be an interesting match though having little bearing, or so it seems at this stage, on the Championship race.

Navy are at home to the Optimists at King's Park, the RAF v. Police match has been postponed and Army North have a bye.

Tomorrow there is an all-day cricket trial towards selecting the Hongkong team against Singapore and Malaya. This starts at Cox's Road (the KCC ground) at 11 a.m.

There are no surprises among the selectors for this trial, but it is worthy of note that much young blood from the civilian clubs is included. Those involved include B. C. N. Carnell, B. P. Dhabar, Tony Myatt, Carl Myatt and J. Shroff.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. British Amateur Golf Championship.
2. Dai Rees, British Ryder Cup captain and Dai Dower, British Flyweight Champion.
3. Lew Hoad and Rex Hartwig.
4. Australia who beat America 5-0.
5. No.
6. Carter, Lawton, Mannion.
7. Hungarian, South African, Uruguayan, British.
8. Fly, Pascual Perez of Argentina; middle, Carl 'Bobo' Olson of America.
9. Tony Moltram. The others have been or are Wimbledon Champions.
10. Show Jumping horses. Red Admiral ridden by Alan Oliver, Tosca by Pat Smythe and Foxhunter by Colonel Llewellyn.

LEARN YOUR CRICKET

Watch That Ball

A boy who does not do his utmost to make himself as good as he can in the field does not really deserve the name of cricketer, and in no one branch of the game is the reward for practice and hard work more certain.

Apart from regular practices run by captains and coaches, boys can do a great deal by practising in pairs to improve their ground fielding, catching and throwing.

Even by himself a boy can get valuable practice by throwing a solid rubber ball at a mark on a wall and moving quickly to take it cleanly on the rebound.

As in batting and bowling so in fielding, concentration is vital. A fielder must expect—and should want—every ball to come to him. This concentration is hard work, but it can be built up into a habit.

Once you gain some confidence and pride in your fielding, it will greatly increase your enjoyment of the game.

After all, in any given match you may have little chance, or may fail, to distinguish yourself as batsman or bowler, but as a fielder you may at any moment influence the whole course of the game.

Good and aggressive fielding is a tremendous support to bowlers and can cramp and unsettle the opposing batsmen.

The fielder's first job is to stop the ball, always, if possible, with his hands but, if that fails with some part of his body.

To make sure of doing this you must:



FIELDING POSITION.

(1) Get on to the line of the ball as soon as possible.

(2) Get down, really down, with hands together and your whole body behind the ball and your head low and steady over your hands.

(3) Keep your fingers pointing down and not outwards towards the ball.

(4) Watch, really watch the ball into your hands and never look up until it is securely in them.

[Taken from "Cricket—How to Play," produced for the M.C.C. and published by Educational Productions, Ltd.]

Club Rugger Team To Visit Saigon

By 'PAK LO'

There are quite a few alterations in today's schedule of rugger games, and all the games will once again take place on the Kowloon side. Neither of the two RAF fifteens will be taking part this afternoon, as they have their annual Air Display to contend with.

The Police will naturally be out in force for the Air Display, so they have arranged to play off their match against Club "B" on Monday night on the Club ground at 6.00 p.m.

Since the Police have dropped out it has been arranged that the 27 Brigade match versus H.K. & K. Garrison will be held on the Police Recreation ground in Boundary Street at 4.30 p.m. and not at Sea Wall where it may be previous to this the Club will face the Navy on the same ground at 3.00 p.m.

The final game this afternoon will be on the Army Boundary Street ground, between the Gunners and 48 Brigade at 5.00 p.m.

Before going on to preview the games themselves I have some interesting news for all Club players. A tour to Saigon has now definitely been fixed.

The tour will be in search of the Jabez Cup, which is fought for between the Cercle Sportif Saigonais and the Club.

To date the Cercle Sportif has won the Cup twice and the Club once. The Club has chartered a D.C.-3 for the flight and will be taking about 20 players with them.

Now the games themselves. In order of appearance we have the Club "A" versus Navy match first. This should be a very close struggle for both fifteens are strong in the forwards and have a fast set of backs.

For the Club, Cole is again at the scrum half position and this time Martin is given a try-out at full back.

The latter has the ability to become a successful full back,

though at present is inclined to become flustered when hard pushed. All he needs now is more experience in this position. Both teams retain their three lines intact, but if anything I am inclined to favour the Navy's three, for they combine better than the Club's backs.

Clarke has been brought in as prop in the Club pack replacing Slack, but otherwise the pack remains the same.

The Club in the loose should get the larger share of the ball, but the Navy have the faster wing forwards and the Club three line may have trouble getting moving. On the whole a very tight game with the Navy probably emerging the victors.

The next game is also likely to be very close, and here the Garrison forwards are the better of the two packs, but behind the forwards the 27 Brigade have the advantage.

Although as a result of this the Garrison three should see more of the ball, they do not combine as well as they might, and the 27 Brigade should get a sufficient supply of the ball to give their three-quarter line every chance and the latter are fully capable of scoring.

Based on this the 27 Brigade seem to have the better chance of winning, and even should they fail to win, it will be a game worth watching.

THE EASIEST

The last game is the easiest one from which to pick the winners. The Gunners in their

CONTINENTALS CHEERED, ENGLISH BOOED...

WHY ARE SPECTATORS SO UNFAIR?

Asks DON REVIE

At the start of this season I thought British football was going to turn over a new leaf, that the art of the game would be brought back in all its glory.

How wrong I was. On August 13 when the Rest of Europe played in Belfast, the Irish crowd applauded the Continentals for several minutes in tribute to their artistic, short-passing game. At Hillsborough when the Hungarian Cupholders, Vasas, played, the crowd again showed their appreciation of fine football.

But what happens when our League teams try to copy this style? Cheers for them, too? No—just boos and yells of disgust. It beats me. English football can never lift itself out of the rut so long as these Boo Boys raise their chants of "Get rid of it," "Come on, move with the ball."

Every international footballer I have spoken to on this topic feels as I do: that English crowds just won't stand for the Continental short-passing game in our League football.

This is a bold criticism, I know. But consider the facts. Last Saturday week at Maine Road Preston North End were leading 1-0. Near the end they had the ball and Tommy Docherty, shouted: "Keep possession." There were sound football tactics, so Docherty, Tom Finney and Tommy Thompson started a short passing movement, slipping the ball accurately one to the other.

SLOW HANDCLAP

Immediately, they were given the slow handclap. Nevertheless, Preston had the last laugh. They pulled their defence out of the middle to try and stop this short passing. The ball was pushed into the centre and Preston scored their second goal.

In the circumstances, there is no doubt that Preston's tactics were quite right. What did the crowd expect them to do? Kick the ball madly into the centre and gave City the chance to score a soft breakaway goal?

A friend of mine in Sheffield told me a similar story. The Hungarians were applauded for their accurate short passing. The crowd were none the less disappointed. Yet last Saturday week when Sheffield Wednesday played Leeds United, as soon as a Wednesday player tried to hold the ball and use it, he was booed.

How can British football hope to improve when this sort of uninformed criticism is rooted from the terraces? It's easy to kick a high ball down the middle. No doubt some people find this exciting, as the forwards chase madly after it. But as this brand of Soccer good play.

The Continentals have proved over and over again that the only way to succeed in playing football is from back to front. The ball must be worked accurately upfield from the defence to the attack. At the moment, as Tom Finney has said, "in some teams the defence is playing one of those big licks from the full backs mixed up with the forward line trying to catch the ball and then using short passing to carry on the move."

And I am convinced it is partly the spectators' fault—at least the fault of 50 per cent of them who don't know the finer points of the game. They watch the ball; they never even notice the man running into the open space.

Am I wrong? Perhaps so. Perhaps it's simply because the loudmouths on the terraces have louder voices than the sporting spectators who do understand the game.

November is almost here, and with it the fogs which threaten so much of our football. Soon the players will be saying, as they do every year, "Why not call a halt to the game in mid-winter, as the Continentals do, and carry on the season when grounds and weather are better?"

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THE GAMBOLS . . . by Barry Appleby

Oops! the wind's strong to-day.

Well, that looks better than next door—he's a better bowler, what his path looks like.

It lets the wind blow them all over the place.

OH NO! GAVE! NOT ANOTHER NEW HAT! . . . HOW MUCH?

ER... WELL, IT WAS A BIT EXPENSIVE.

LOOK HERE, GAVE! I WILL GET STONE.

NOW, GEORGE, IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE A CROSS-PATCH I WON'T SHOW YOU GO WITH IT!

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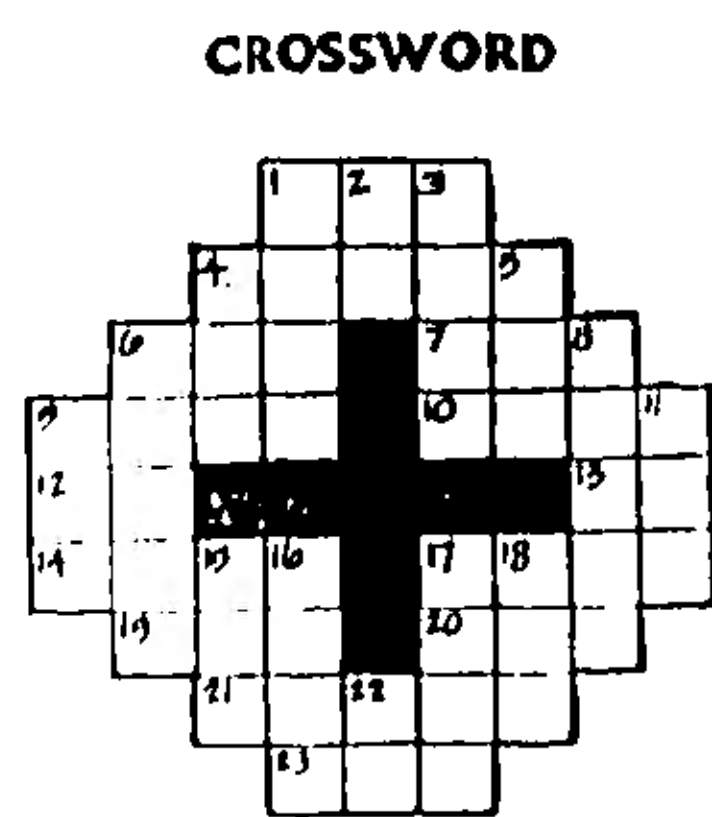
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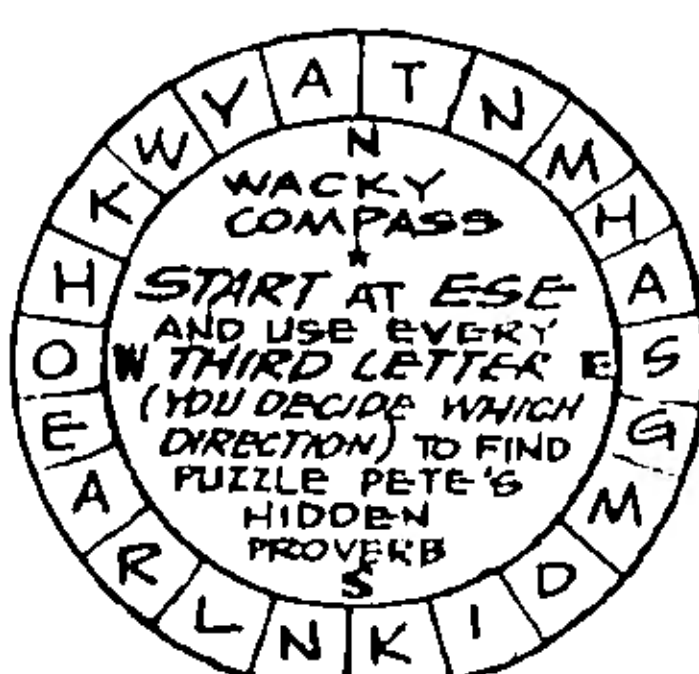
- CROSSWORD**
- ACROSS**
1. Sing
 4. Singing voice
 6. Made offspring
 7. Correlative of neither
 9. Let it stand
 10. Famous garden
 12. Parent
 13. Negative reply
 14. Arabian
 17. The dill
 19. Compass point
 20. Stile
 21. Article of food
 23. Months (ab.)
- DOWN**
1. Leave
 2. Preposition
 3. Skeleton part
 4. Pedal digit
 5. Wand
 6. Look fixedly
 8. Renowned
 9. Mineral spring
 11. Negative word
 15. Social insect
 16. Road edge
 17. Vipers
 18. Born
 22. Butterfly

TRIANGLE

The Puzzlemaster has based this week's word triangle on TALENTS. The second word is "father", third "salt", fourth French for "to be", fifth "a part of a boat", and sixth "a talking bird". From these clues, complete the triangle:

TALENTS

WACKY COMPASS



(Solutions on Page 20)

Bravery And Beauty Shine From Stamp

BRAVERY and beauty stamp and tell the story of Maryse Bastie—a story at once sad and tender like so many of those entwined around the sons and daughters of France.

Maryse was an orphan. She worked in a shoe factory. She wanted to fly—so it seemed fitting that she should marry a former air force lieutenant.



Under his guidance she passed her test as pilot. With his encouragement she set up women's flight endurance records—from France to Russia; she even flew solo across the South Atlantic.

Then triumph was marred for this woman air pioneer. She saw her husband killed in a crash.

War came. Maryse fought in the Resistance. She was caught, escaped and lived to fly again in peace time and test new planes designed to carry paratroops.

At an air show near Lyons she went up as a passenger while 50,000 people watched the pilot stunt in one of the paratroop planes. He lost control. The plane tilted, dipped and crashed. Maryse was killed.

Her courage lives on in this new French stamp which is perforated 13, printed by the "engraved" process and sells in London at 1/6d.—J. A. A.

HOW BROOMSTICKS GOT RIDERS

HALLOWE'EN without a witch would be like Christmas without Santa Claus. But did you ever wonder about this ragged old crone—who she really is, and how she became a part of Hallowe'en?

Truth is, the witch was flying through the air on a broom long before the Celts in Britain (before Christ) there were more witches than anyone dared to shake a stick at.

No one knows the birthdate of the first witch. But by the time of the Celts in Britain (before Christ), there were more witches than anyone dared to shake a stick at.

And priests chanted weird spells and went through mysterious rites to protect their people from witchcraft.

The early Germanic peoples believed in witches, too.

They even celebrated once a year in honour of all the witches in the world. This celebration took place on the night of May 1, and was called "Walpurgis Night."



the place of another heathen goddess—the one honouring Pomona, goddess of gardens and fruits.

In due time, both the old pagan holidays were forgotten—all but the witches and Pomona's favourite "lucky" fruit, the pumpkin.

Belief in witches has never completely died. During the Middle Ages someone claimed to have seen a witch change herself

into a black cat—and back again.

From then on the poor black cats were considered bad luck—for how could one tell which cat was a witch?

The connection between the old date of Walpurgis Night and witches can be seen in an Irish superstition. This warned against teasing a cat on May Day night, for then the cat was sure to turn into a witch.

In some parts of Britain even today the farmers still fear witches and follow ancient customs to keep them away.

★

For instance, sprigs from the "witchtree," or rowan, are tucked up in barns because a witch is said to fear any kind of red berry. And newborn lambs are coaxed to eat rowan berries, so as to protect them from the bony hags.

The witch isn't much nowadays—but our Hallowe'en wouldn't be the same without her.

—By Ida M. Pardue

These Games Will Bewitch You

LOOKING for a lively party game for the witching night of October thirty-first? This one is a dandy!

Divide your players into two teams. Call on side the Ghosts, the other the Witches. Line them up on opposite sides of the room.

Have the Ghosts start the game by calling out the name of any animal that starts with the letter A. The Witches must immediately name another.

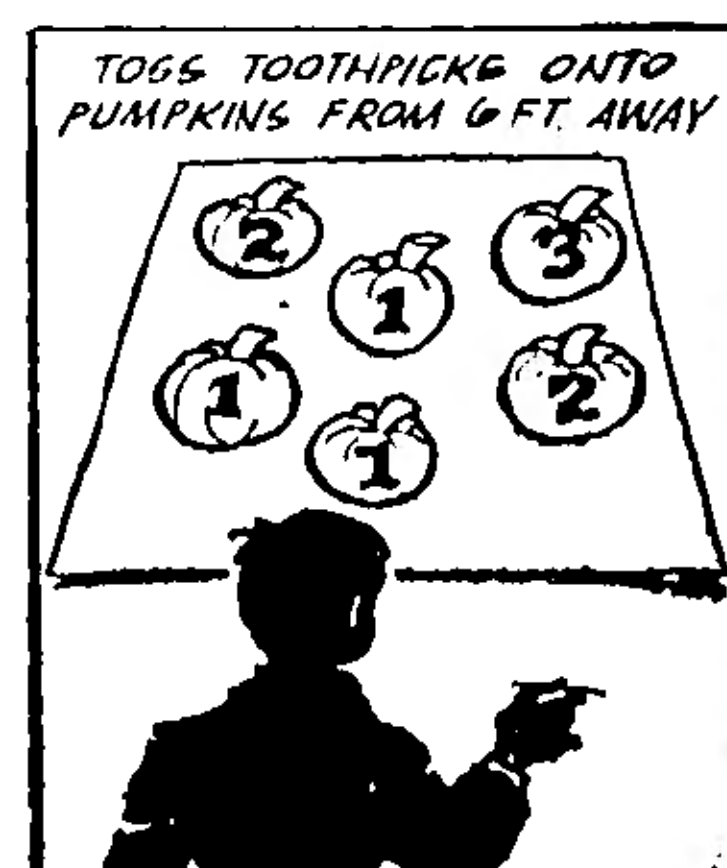
Whichever side first runs out of names loses one of its players to the other side.

The losing side then calls out the name of an animal beginning with B. The other side names another, and so on as before.

Limit the game to ten minutes. The side with the most players when the game ends is declared the winner. (You might give each player on the winning team a box of ANIMAL Crackers.)

ON A LARGE piece of wrapping paper or the cardboard bottom from a suit box outline 6 pumpkins with orange crayon. Write a numbered score in each pumpkin—1, 2 or 3.

To play, the paper or cardboard is placed on the floor. Players take turns tossing 6



toothpicks from behind a line 6 feet away.

If a toothpick touches any pumpkin, the tosser scores the number of points written. The player picking the most points wins the game.

FOR THIS Hallowe'en game, players take turns drawing pumpkin faces while blindfolded.

For each turn, scotch-tape a fresh piece of plain typing or scratchpaper to a wall. Players draw eyes, nose, mouth and any other features they desire, with a crayon—one hand only.

When everyone has drawn, the faces are displayed and a prize given to the one chosen as the best or funniest. Let everyone take his "face" home.

The Most Valuable Insect

A GOOD many things, including candy, are dyed with cochineal, a dried insect!

Without question the cochineal is the most valuable insect in the world. Hundreds of acres in Mexico are devoted to cochineal gardens or plantations, and here is raised a kind of cactus which furnishes the food for this insect.

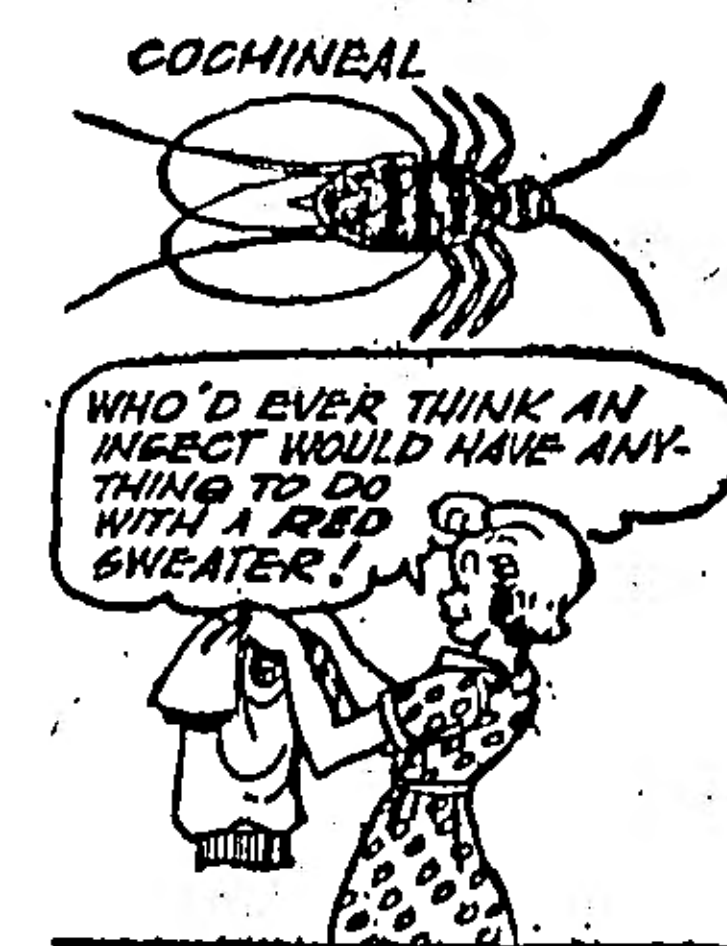
When the Spaniards first came to Mexico, several centuries ago, they noticed that the Indians had shawls and blankets of very wonderful colours, especially the reds.

THE SECRET

They learned from the Indians that the secret of these colours lay in the little insect. They took some of the dye back to Europe, where they kept the secret of it for a long time, and became very wealthy by selling it.

When other people finally found out about this valuable insect, they began to "cultivate" it.

They found that a certain cactus was used, this plant having thick leaves filled with a thick juice or sap. They also found that cochineal insect do not ac-



tually feed upon these leaves—as silk worms do on the mulberry—but that they drink the sap. In this way the insects become regular little dye-pots.

Extreme care is taken when a cactus shows signs of losing its vitality, as the insects drinking this sap are not valuable for commercial purposes.

SPECIAL CARE

Special care is taken of the females. These are always given nesting places on the best cactus, so that when the eggs are hatched the little insects may get the most nourishing food.

Two crops are gathered in a year, one each autumn and spring. It may seem a small bit of work for a labourer to gather two crops of insects in one day, and yet this is considered a good day's work.

A SHORT STORY

Baby Ghost's Frightening Hallowe'en

By FERN SIMMS

ALL year long Mama Ghost tutored Baby Ghost in the art of haunting. They lived in that group of old trees down in the hollow where no one ever goes—that is, no one but all the other ghosts.

"Say boo!" ordered Mama.

"Boo!" repeated Baby.

"That's fine," she said fondly. "Now try a long low whooooo."

"Wheeee," said Baby Ghost.

"Not wheeee—whoooo," she corrected.

Baby Ghost practised until he got the sound just right.

"Now before you go out to haunt on Hallowe'en Eve, you must know what to do. Get behind the curtains and stir them. That always worries people. You can bring some chains along and rattle them too."

Baby Ghost listened attentively to his mother's instructions. She had many good ideas and hints, and Baby remembered them all. He was a good pupil, and he could hardly wait until he was out on his own.

★ ★ ★

At long last, Hallowe'en Eve came around. It was a wonderful night, brisk and cold, with a big orange moon to light up the ground and make things look a bit eerie. Baby Ghost felt a stir of excitement. "May I go now?" he asked his mother.

"Yes, my son. You are on your own now. Do a good job of haunting, and then meet me back here in the hollow. I'm too old and tired to go out, so I'll wait here. It's up to you young ones to take over."

So Baby Ghost sailed off through the trees and out of the hollow. He was enjoying his ghostly trip for the windows were lit up with bright Jack O'Lanterns, and the store windows were decorated with black witches and yellow pumpkins.

He met a few black cats in the street, but they were just walking around minding their own business, and hardly paid any attention to him. He jumped out at one and said, "Boo!" The

cat just leered at him with one eye, and then turned his back on him. Baby Ghost felt hurt. The cat was supposed to arch his back with fright, nasty old cat.

He floated on until he saw a pumpkin high on a gate post.

"Wheeee!" he whistled. "The pumpkin didn't even blink. Excuse me," he corrected. "I mean whooooo!" Still the pumpkin just looked at him with that silly grin.

"Silly old pumpkin," he said. He had fully expected the pumpkin to fall off the gate post in terror. "I'm not wasting any more time on pumpkins and cats," he thought. "I'll pick the house I want to haunt."

He picked out his house, and floated up and into an opened window. He waved the curtains back and forth. There were two boys in bed, but they didn't notice the curtains. He heard them talking to each other.

"Wheeee! I mean whooooo!" he whistled.

"Did you hear something, Dick?" asked one of the lads.

"Yes, let's get up and look," answered Dick. "Look, Bobby, over by the window. What is it?"

"Boo!" cried Baby Ghost, popping over to them. They didn't even back away. "I think it's a ghost," said the one named Bobby. "It looks like an awful little one."

"What do you know," said Dick. "A real ghost—he's a cute little fellow."

Knarf Gets His Wish

—Friends Help Him to Paddle Like a Duck—

By MAX TRELL

"IF I had feet like a duck," Knarf, the shaggy-boy with the turned-about name, said to Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, "I'd go down to the pond for a swim."

"If you had feet like a duck," replied Teddy, "you'd be a duck! Only ducks have feet like ducks. Only boys have feet like boys. But," Teddy added, "you can go down to the pond for a swim anyhow. I'll go with you."

"I'd still like feet like a duck," said Knarf.

Out of the House

"Besides," Teddy the Stuffed Bear added, as he took Knarf's arm and started walking with him out of the house, "one of the ducks may lend you her feet if she's not using them herself."

"That's nonsense!" said Knarf. "It's not true! I never heard of a duck lending anyone her feet."

"Neither did I," said Teddy, as they took the mossy path leading down to the pond. "But let's ask the duck just the same!"

When Knarf and Teddy reached the edge of the pond, they saw several ducks paddling about just off the bank. Teddy called to the nearest duck.

Winked A Warning

"Do you mind paddling over here?" Teddy said to the duck.

The duck turned and paddled over. Then she waddled up on the bank. "What's the matter?" Teddy winked at Knarf in warning to him to keep his mouth shut. There was a sly look on Teddy's face as he turned back to the duck. "Why did you call me? What's the matter?" the duck repeated.

"Your feet," said Teddy.

"My feet?" exclaimed the duck. "What's wrong with my feet?"

"Your feet," said Teddy. "Is to take off two of your feet and lend them to my friend Knarf, so that he can take a swim."

But the duck wasn't as easily fooled as Teddy and Knarf thought. She could clearly see by the reflection of herself in the water that she had only two feet instead of four. "But she was a good-natured, generous duck."

"I can get you duck's feet," she said, "without your having to take mine."

Then she quacked three times. And all the other ducks in the pond came paddling up.

They took Knarf out for a swim. They held him up while he sat in the water and paddled his feet. His feet were all around the pond.

They did the same for Teddy the Stuffed Bear while he paddled around with his feet bent. "Don't mind me fooling the old duck at all," Teddy said to Knarf, as they walked back to the house after their swim. "She knew she didn't have four feet!"



"You've got four feet," Teddy told the duck.

Teddy said: "You've got four of them."

The duck uttered a startled quack. Then she looked down at her feet. "One, two," she said, counting them. "There! I knew I had only two feet! Count them yourself. One, two."

As she counted "one, two," the duck held out one foot, then the other.

"Those are just the two front ones," said Teddy.

"That's right," said Knarf. "Those are the two front ones."

"You didn't count the two back ones," said Teddy.

"Back ones!" quacked the duck, as she wheeled round and round. "I don't see any back ones."

"That's because your tail is in the way," said Knarf. "They're right under your tail. It's terrible for a duck to have four feet. You look like a dog instead of a duck."

Her Reflection

"The thing to do," said Teddy, "is to take off two of your feet and lend them to my friend Knarf, so that he can take a swim."

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HOW TO MAKE A GHOST

1. NAIL two 24-inch STICKS together like this...

2. CUT OUT A TRIANGLE FROM STIFF CARDBOARD AND TACK TO THE TOP OF THE CROSS.

PUT A TACK AT TOP IN BACK.

3. Drape a white SHEET over the triangle like this...

CUT OUT 2 OVALS FROM BLACK PAPER AND PIN ON FOR EYES.

TIE STRING AND LOOP IT OVER A NAIL OR HOOK ABOVE WINDOW.

TURN LIGHTS AND PULL UP CURTAINS WHEN YOU WANT TO SEE GHOST.

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ZOO'S WHO

SALAMANDERS WILL BITE VICIOUSLY WHEN IRRITATED, BUT NEITHER THEIR FLESH NOR BITE IS POISONOUS.

THE ZEBRA COW EXISTS ONLY IN THE DOMESTICATED STATE; NO CLOSELY RELATED FOSSIL ANCESTOR OR LIVING WILD FORM HAS BEEN FOUND. IT IS PROBABLY DESCENDED FROM THE BANTING WILD OX OF SOUTHERN ASIA.

WHEN OTHER PEOPLE FINALLY FOUND OUT ABOUT THIS VALUABLE INSECT, THEY BEGAN TO "CULTIVATE" IT.

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